

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS

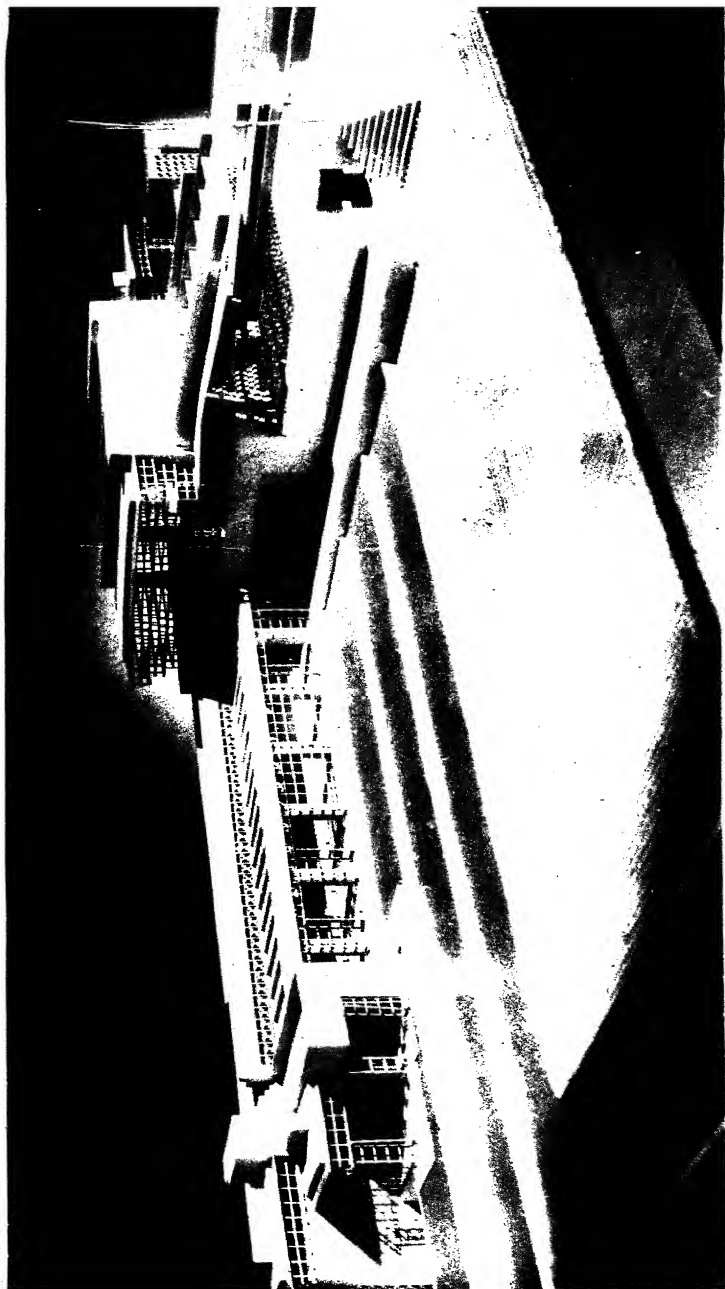
AND THOU, AMERICA

Thou, too, surroundest all,
Embracing, carrying, welcoming all, thou too
By pathways broad and new approach the Ideal.

The measured faiths of other lands,
The grandeurs of the past, are not for thee,
But grandeurs of thine own,
Deific faiths and amplitudes, absorbing, comprehending all,
All in all to all.

Give me, O God, to sing that thought,
Give me, give him or her I love this quenchless faith in Thee.
Whatever else withheld withhold not from us
Belief in plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space

Fragment transcribed from Walt Whitman



MACHINE-AGE LUXURY HOUSE ON THE MESA; THREE CARS, COVERED POOL

FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT

**WHEN
DEMOCRACY
BUILDS**

REVISED EDITION

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FOREWORD

WHEN a great oak is to die, a few yellow-green leaves appear on top-most branches. Next season much of the upper part of the tree is yellow: next year the upper branches remain without leaves. After several following seasons we say the tree is dry.

But for many years to come the frame of the dry tree stands erect, making black marks against the sky as though nothing had happened. Finally rotted at the root, the useless, top-heavy structure falls. But even then the heavy frame must lie broken upon the ground a very long time—many years pass before it crumbles to soil and grass roots come. Perhaps another acorn comes to give rise to another great oak.

What sap and leaves were to the great oak a healthy aesthetic is to a people.

This book is written in firm belief that true human culture has a healthy idea of the beautiful as its life-of-the-soul: an Aesthetic-Organic as *of* Life, not *on* it. One that nobly relates man to his environment. This normal aesthetic sense would make of a man a gracious, potent, integral part of the whole of Life. Ethics, Art, and Religion survive only as they are actual departments of the aesthetic sense; survive only to the extent that they embody human sentiment for the beautiful. To ignore this truth is to misunderstand the soul of man, turn him over to science ignorant of his significance and blind to his destiny.

Here in this great melting-pot of all the breaking-down or cast-off cultures of this world, we have allowed the present arrogance of science to deprive us of genuine culture. We inherit and we preserve the cultural lag.

To confess that we "the American people" have, as yet, developed no culture of our own, no efflorescence of the great Tree, is quite fair enough. It is useful at this time.

Just as great trees die, so civilizations die—withered from within. Or they are blown down, destroyed root and branch by war: the tempest. Or buried by revolution: the flood.

▼

FOREWORD

But, we are too young a nation to degenerate? We are too vigorous to die a violent death utterly.

No, we have never yet attained the high plane from which nations degenerate, although the virus of an earlier culture, coming here in blood of the immigrant, might be contagion marking us for decay.

Our salvation and our future protection depend upon the realization that if our Science is carried far enough and deep enough, we will find great Art to be a sure significance of all science can ever know. We will see that true Religion is a valid prophecy of everything science may discover. We will likewise find that philosophy itself is the science of man from *within* the man himself—while so-called sciences must work upon him from the *outside*. Where man's soul is concerned, science works mostly in vain. Because such science as we have practiced has tried to substitute morality for ethics, has ignored or only imitated art, confused religion, and demoralized philosophy and ethics in the popular mind. No science can be fruitful until Art, Religion, Philosophy, Ethics, Science, too, are comprehended and comprised as one great Entity or, at least, universal Unity.

In the immense drift of our provincial culture lag, the aesthetic sense, unhealthy, neglected, or betrayed, has come down to a raising of the cup with the little finger delicately lifted or of, say, the easel picture or some poetic pose or eclecticism in manners or Architecture, whereas we need to know that the honest hardships of our forefathers in their hardest pioneering days were as nothing compared to the equivocal trials now inflicted upon their sons and daughters on this new frontier. Not only their sons and daughters but their grandsons and granddaughters stand there exposed to insidious danger.

Our forefathers faced honest danger in the open that we might live. We face insidious danger. The dangers of dishonesty; the danger that they may have lived in vain and we, their own begotten sons and daughters, have begotten sons and daughters of our own in vanity without spiritual courage.

Once upon a time the conquering of physical or territorial realm was the new frontier. But to conquer sordid, ugly commercialism in this machine age, "bony fiber of the dry tree"; this conquest is now "the New Frontier." Only by growing a healthy aesthetic in the Soul of our polyglot people can we win this victory. The greatest of all victories: Democracy.

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So this book is on the firing line of this new, most important frontier of all frontiers: the fight for Faith, faith in democracy, faith in the gospel of individuality, and faith in Beauty that is the efflorescence of the Living Tree. Faith in Man: his faith in himself as Himself.

F. LL. W.

"TALIESIN"

PROFESSIONAL criticism (like the writing of book reviews) is an act of extreme egotism. But critics are not so useless as one might think.

Among many appreciations of *When Democracy Builds* (reviews by critics more interested in content than style) came several more interested in style than content.

One said, "The style of the work is just this side of deplorable," and quoted a sentence to prove it.

One said, "The licentious use of capitals is confusing."

One gave it up entirely, saying he "failed to understand it." Poor man. Another said the book was full of clichés.

Curiosity aroused, seven months away from the initial re-writing I took up the book to reread it. Perspective was afforded by that distance from the act.

Well . . . the critics were right. And too kind. The style of the work was deplorable. Capitalization by means of which I intended to emphasize significances (when they occurred) had actually confused them. And how! Sentences pregnant with meaning to me when I wrote them utterly failed to clinch as I read them.

What to do?

Re-write the book.

Ignominy? Of course.

But unfortunately (or fortunately) for me I hardened into my own most severe critic. And yet—sentences quoted by my critics to show my style just this side of deplorable I found right enough as they were. They still stand. And I apologize. I did find that my affair with capitalization was far too capitalistic. I threw the whole affair out. And I proceeded to clinch every phrase in the book, concerned with an idea, that I found at loose ends. There were so very many!

NOTE

As for such clichés as there were, I made them clichés myself. Regarding that state of affairs I can only call your attention to the captious lady advised to read *Hamlet*. She threw the play away half-read—with the contemptuous remark that she “couldn’t see why they thought Shakespeare a great author when his work was so full of quotations.”

Come again—my critics! I sincerely thank you.

F. LL. W.

“TALIESIN”

September 17, 1945

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EARTH

THE value of earth as man's heritage is gone far from him in cities centralization has built. Centralization has overbuilt them all. Urban happiness of the properly citified citizen consists in the hypnotic warmth and pressure or the approbation of the crowd. The surge and mechanical uproar of the city turns the citified head, fills citified ears as the song of birds, wind in the trees, animal cries, or voices and songs of his loved ones once filled his heart.

But where and as he now stands, out of the Machine that his city has become, no citizen can create more than more machinery.

The properly citified citizen is a broker, vendor of gadgetry; a salesman dealing for profit in human frailties or a speculator in the ideas and inventions of others. This puller of levers is presser of the buttons of vicarious power: power his only by way of mechanical craft or graft.

A parasite of the spirit is here; this whirling dervish in a whirling vortex. Yes; enamored of the whirl.

Perpetual to-and-fro excites this citified citizen, robs him of the deeper meditation and reflection once his as he lived and walked under clean sky among the greenery to which he was born companion.

He has traded the Book of Creation for emasculation by way of the Substitute.

He has traded native pastimes with streams, woods, fields, and animals for the taint of carbon monoxide rising to a rented aggregate of cells up-ended on hard pavements. "Paramounts," "Roxies," night clubs, speak-easies, such as these are his recourse. For all this he lives in some cubicle among other cubicles under a landlord who himself probably lives up there above him in some penthouse, the apotheosis of rent in some form. All are parasitic if not quite parasites.

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So the properly citified citizen, still slave to the herd instinct, is fatally committed to vicarious power—just as the medieval laborer, not so long before him, was slave to king or state. A cultural weed grows rank in the cultural field.

The weed goes to seed. Children grow up, herded by thousands in schools built like factories, run like factories: schools systematically turning out herd-struck morons as machinery turns out shoes.

When our commercial men of genius succeed, they become more than ever vicarious. Soon these very men sink in the sham luxury of their city to produce, but *create* nothing. Impotent. Fixation has them where it wants them.

Life itself is become restless “tenant” in the big city. Yes . . . above the belt, the citizen if properly citified has lost sight of the true aims of human existence and accepted substitute aims. His unnaturally gregarious life tends toward the promiscuous, blind adventure of a crafty animal; some form of graft, the febrile pursuit of sex as “relief” from factual routine in prevailing uproar of mechanical conflict. Meantime struggling to artificially maintain, as he can, teeth, hair, muscles, and sap, his sight is growing dim; hearing is chiefly by telephone. He goes against or across the tide of traffic, as he must, at the risk of damage or death to himself or others. His own good time is inevitably, regularly, and increasingly wasted by others because he is as determined to waste theirs. All go in different directions to various ugly scaffoldings over concrete or down underground, only to get into some other cubicle occupied by some other parasite-of-rent higher up under some other landlord. The citizen’s entire life is *exaggerated* on wheels and by telephone instead of *expanded*. His is a vicarious life virtually sterilized by machinery. And medicine.

Were motor oil and castor oil to dry up, the great city would cease to function and the citizen promptly perish.

This monster exaggeration of the Renaissance City today, machine-made, is become the form universal of anxious rent. The citizen’s very life rented in a rented world; he and his family evicted if in arrears, or the whole “system” goes to smash. He must soon make his choice! All is founded upon renting, or being rented, until the man himself is finally no more than an anxious form of inhumane rent. Should his nervous pace slacken; his anxious step fall out with the lock-step of “production,” of

landlord, money lord, or machine lord . . . the man himself is a total loss!

Over him, beside him and beneath him, even in his heart as he sleeps is this forever-ticking taxi meter of triple rent—rent for land, rent for money, rent for ideas, each goading this anxious “consumer’s” unceasing struggle for or against increasing ominous production driving consumption: insane; insatiable unearned money increment for more power. To stay in lock-step; to pay up—he hopes for not much more than that now. He the wage-slave has put his own life in bondage, or is managing to get the lives of others there in order to keep up the special privileges, now sacrosanct, to which he has unconsciously or fatuously subscribed and which are now described as the great, beneficent “free private enterprise” and to which his politicians continually refer. Humanity preying upon Humanity! This seems to be the only “economic system” the citizen knows or has yet been encouraged to know. As he took the “system” for granted—so now he takes all for granted—capitalism included. But even the system is no longer true capitalism. It is, at best, only capitalistic.

As he stands, all the powerful modern resources naturally his own by use of modern machinery are, owing to their very nature, turning against his survival. In the future of his surviving Renaissance City, and although the “system” he lives under is one he himself helped to build, such centralizations of capital as he must now serve are no longer humane. Having done all it can do for Humanity, the centralization we call the city has become centripetal force beyond control, increasingly exaggerated by continually additional vicarious powers. The “system” is steadily increasing in man his animal fear of being turned out of the hole from which he has been accustomed to crawl out again each morning. Natural horizontality—the line of human freedom on earth—is going or gone. The citizen condemns himself to unnatural pig-piling—aspiring to a sterile verticality. He is upended and suspended by his own excess. He is calling his prone fixability success.

Notwithstanding slum clearance and the profit-sharing of sporadic “housing,” all unwittingly designed by himself to build himself permanently into bondage, he is more and more helpless now. Still cursed by the primitive cave-dwelling instinct, were it not for the involuntary running-

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away of the mechanical factors of the industrial revolution that made him what he is today—he stays where he is doomed.

Nevertheless, out of this automatic turnabout of the industrial revolution now running away modern man may emerge from the ancient “shadow-of-the-wall” as master instead of the machine-age Conscript of all time.

PRIMITIVE INSTINCTS STILL ALIVE. THE SHADOW-OF-THE-WALL

Were we to go back far enough in Time to where Mankind was divided into cave-dwelling agrarians and wandering tribes of warriors, we might find the Wanderer swinging from branch to branch in the leafy bower of the trees, insured by the curl of his tail, while the more stolid lover of the wall lurked, for safety, hidden in a hole or in some cave. The ape.

This static cave-dweller was the ancient conservative. But probably he was more brutal, if not more ferocious, with his heavy club when occasion arose than the mobile wanderer with his slender spear.

The cave-dweller became the cliff-dweller and began to build cities. Establishment was his. His God was a malicious murderer. His statue, made by himself, more terrible than himself, was his God: a God also hidden away in some cave. He erected the God into a covenant. When he could, he made it of gold.

But his swifter, more mobile brother devised a more adaptable and elusive dwelling place—the folding tent.

He, the nomad, went in changing seasons from place to place over the earth following the law of change: natural law to him.

The Adventurer.

His God was a spirit: a destructive wind, devastating or beneficent as he was himself.

These main divisions of primitive man, the human family having the herd instinct in common with each other and other animals, made God or gods in their own image. And both divergencies set up enmity: enmity each of the other.

Cave-dwellers bred their young in the shadow-of-the-wall. Mobile wanderers bred theirs under the stars in such safety as seclusion by distance from the enemy might afford.

We may assume the cave-dweller multiplied with comparative ease and safety and so more rapidly than his brother the wanderer. But destruction was more complete, economic waste more terrible, when his defenses fell. So when he ceased to find a natural cave, he learned to make one. As he grew more powerful, his walls grew heavier. The fortification became his. Cities were originally fortifications. Early dwellings were only less so. He, the cave-dweller, was prototype of the state socialist, communist, or Nazi statist.

The cave-dweller's nomadic human counterpart meantime cultivated mobility for his safety. Defenses, for him, lay in swiftness, stratagem, physical prowess, and such arts of self-defense as nature taught.

These primitive instincts of the human race, now ingrown instead of outgrown, are, in this far distance of time, still at work, although the instincts of the wandering tribe seem to have been gradually overcome by the more material defenses and heavier static establishments of the cave-dweller.

But I imagine that the ideal of freedom which keeps breaking through our present static establishments, setting their features aside or obliterating them, is due in no small degree to the survival of the original instincts of the Adventurer: he who lived his freedom by his undivided prowess beneath the stars rather than he who lived by his obedience and labor in the shadow-of-the-wall.

He, the nomad, was prototype of the democrat.

However that may be, these conflicting human natures have conquered or been vanquished, have married, intermarried, and brought forth other natures; a fusion of natures in some but a still straining confusion in others: in some a survival, more or less distinct, of one or the other of these salient, archaic instincts of mankind.

Gradually the body of mankind, both natural instincts at work together, produced what the "body of mankind" calls civilization. Civilization insists upon, and strives to perfect, Culture.

Now, in this matter of Culture the shadow-of-the-wall has so far seemed to predominate, although the open sky of the adventurer is appearing more and more. As physical fear of brutal force grows less, all need of

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fortification grows less. The ingrained yearning for freedom of the mobile hunter finds more truth and reason for being than the stolid masonry of cave-dwelling defenses once upon a time erected (and necessary) to protect human life from human life. This yearning for freedom is a spirit slumbering in the agrarian, the manufacturer, and the merchant.

Yes—modern science and scientific war now make ancient static defenses useless, so that a man's value may again depend not so much upon what he has made static (that is to say, saved, stored up, fortified) as upon what he can *do*. By proper use of our vast scientific resources, a human type is developing capable of changing environment to fit desires. Amply able to offset losses going to the old type of human being now sinking permanently into the big city of today: a rampant remnant of this great, ancient "shadow-of-the-wall." In this type capable of change we have the new type citizen we call a democrat.

Already it is evident that modern life must be more naturally conserved by far more space and light, by much greater freedom of movement, and by a more general freedom of the individual in the ideal practice of what we call civilization. A new space-concept is needed. It is evident that it has come in what we are calling organic architecture: the architecture of democracy.

Modern autobility, as one of the leading factors of our valid modernity (alongside glass and steel), is having characteristic effect upon the surviving nature of the cave-dweller through modern means of transport: this city brother who submits obedience to man in order to be well saved by his faith but not so much by his faith in his own works. But these scientific future-liberating forces-of-the-machine are potential of means of self-realization returning to the descendant of the wandering tribe: the adventurer. He will use them for human freedom.

And directly contrary to human intent the "machine" is continuously at work molding, remolding, or driving human character in that more mobile direction. The question is becoming more and more one of grass or goods? Men or Man.

In our cities today terms of feudal thinking are changed only in name to terms of diplomatic commerce and commercial diplomacy. But the city has nothing substantial to give citizens above wagery and the belt.

New York appears the prime example, leading universal urban conspiracy to beguile men away from their birthright (the good ground), to hang above pavements by their eyebrows from skyhooks for "employment." Such high priests of such culture as we have set up in professorial armchairs with their enormous flocks meantime sing false hymns to vicarious power by jazzing a dreary dirge. High priests of religion or education have seldom understood or ever dared teach the freedom that is the life-basis and the life-blood of militant democracy. Their theme-songs are false in the singing to the singer as to the listeners, getting badly off key. Impotence is overtaking them as, through their now enormous power of propagating reiteration, as the high priests overtake and imprison the citizenry.

Ultimate impotence where creation is concerned is the price exacted from us as a nation by this momentous mistake of substituting artificial machine power for human power instead of expanding our own power as human beings by means of it. Impotence is always the price of the habituated practice of artifice without art. It is sign-manual to the cultural lag. Science can do nothing about it.

DEMOCRACY: THE GOSPEL OF INDIVIDUALITY

Human values are life-giving.

None are life-taking.

When man builds his buildings, builds his very life, builds his society inspired by nature in this interior sense which we shall call organic—meantime training imagination to see life as an architect should train his own imagination to see the nature of glass as Glass; see a board as Board; see a brick as Brick; see the nature of steel as Steel, and seeing the nature of Time, Place, and Hour; always eager to be honest with himself and to others, deeply desiring to live harmonious with nature, to live in nature as the trees are native to the wood or grass is to the field—only then can the individual arise as the safe citizen in the communal life of the only safe, free, and creative civilization. We are calling it democracy. Intrinsically

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supreme to the more measured faiths all about him, were the Usonian citizen in his own free city of democracy, he could not fail to make the communal life of all the world richer because true individual independence was genuinely his own. He is where he must abandon the expedient idea that money plus authority can rule the world and believe that ideas plus work can and will rule the world.

That faith is the only faith fit for the son of any democracy.

What is this idea we call Organic Architecture? Why do we call it the Architecture of Democracy?

Simply because it is organic law understood and intelligently applied—spirit given appropriate material form. Simply, too, it is the structure of all of life seen by man as various forms of architecture. As an idea democracy sees the enlarged means of today intelligently turned about to employ machine power and the new super-materials for the man himself. Therefore, organic architecture is an architecture not satisfied to make more money when money is stacked against the man. This growing dissatisfaction with autocratic power of any kind, as academic wisdom, is old wisdom. Modern good sense now.

But more ancient wisdom, and modern still, is this new democratic concept of man-freedom of a life wherein money, land, or government is to be established as *subordinate to the human being*. That is, first of all, modern and good architecture as it is good democracy.

The dignity and worth to society of the individual as an individual, and individuality is no longer allowed to be written off as personal idiosyncrasy but protected as an essence to be understood and applied by all men in their work as the safest basis for life itself or for the interpretation of science, the practice of art and a true religion. All that is modern because it always was. But it is to become *organic* now as we understand it, and therefore form and function become one. On that basis a civilization might endure forever.

This new sense of the within unfolding and taking form by natural means—art, architecture, philosophy, and religion content to look within for the solution of every problem and, by expanding the means found within, achieving genuine new varied expressions of individuality—that is the old wisdom, ancient as Laotze at least and still modern. But that,

too, is manhood no less than good modern architecture. It would be even more modern were we to find it established in government. But especially it will be the day after tomorrow before it is found in what we miscall "education." Slowly, painfully, this sense-of-the-within is becoming the new criterion in such art as we are making our own. And, by means of it, organic architecture is qualifying the work of the world to reject the substitute, make the makeshift a stupidity or a crime: make life one great integral simplicity.

But Simplicity is not the "plainness" of a barn door. No, it is the harmonious grace of the wild flower; it is the countenance of organic integrity. In all our man-made life-concerns integral simplicity is becoming *modern*. It was ever modern in ancient times. Why not now?

These fresh integrities of the old wisdom, yet new to our servile, provincial culture, have infinite possibilities in the making of a suitable city in a suitable world; the free city of cities that democracy desperately needs; the city potential for organic life in this machine age. In that new vision lies the dawn of a new era. Of such only is that freedom which free men honestly call democracy. Where and whenever democracy is so understood and practiced, the part is as the whole no less than the whole is as the part.

OUR PRESENT SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC DISEASE

TO LOOK at the plan of a great city is to look at something like the cross-section of a fibrous tumor. Seen in the light of space needs today there are not only unnatural concentrations of tissue but more and more painfully forced circulation, comparable to high blood pressure in the human body. Think of the towns you know, then try to imagine what modern mobility and new space-annihilating facilities are doing to them!

Growing out of old-fashioned architecture and new concentrations, centripetal centralization is the unrecognized uneconomic force at work. Not only is it unchecked. Acceleration is still positively encouraged.

Even by the insurance companies!

In the democratic mind the question coming uppermost in our machine-made era is: what benign power can ever check centralization thus a destructive fixation?

Within the problem itself lies the solution as always. Centralization is the social principle that made the king appropriate necessity and is now the economic force that overbuilt our pseudo-monarchic towns and cities. Centralization, owing to expanding leverage of new machinery, proves to be something that, if used to wind up space tighter and tighter, higher and higher, is like some centripetal device revolving at increasing speed until, out of control, turning centrifugal, it is ended by dissipation or destruction. Explosion!

Meantime what control?

Government? Only to a limited extent. Limited to impersonal things.

The only possible control is educational. Education that grasps the deadly import to man of all exaggerations of machine power either as organization or as mechanics. On behalf of a more humane freedom it is this grow-

BASIS OF THE PRESENT CITY: A MAKESHIFT

ing intelligence applied that must interfere by such pressures as it can exert where pressure does most good. In wider popular grasp of the limitations and danger of machine power lies what salvation from further disintegration we can expect. What hope can there be for our future in this machine age we live in, if indeed the machine age itself is to have any future, unless decentralization and appropriate reintegration are soon encouraged and given right-of-way?

THE BASIS OF THE PRESENT CITY: A MAKESHIFT

Three major economic artificialities were grafted by law upon all our intrinsic modern production as hangovers from petty traditions having their origin in feudal circumstances. And these have grown up into a legitimate but unnatural and therefore an undemocratic economic system. Two of the three uneconomic "economics" are forms of rent. Rent for money and rent for land. But none are intrinsic. All three are only extrinsic forms of unearned increment. The third artificiality, traffic in machine invention, is, by way of patents, also another but less obvious form of rent.

By the mechanical leverage accelerating urban activity with pressures never existing before but now never ceasing, the human imposition of the three unnatural economic features of our present-day system is enormously increased and abnormally intensified. Monstrosity is reached but for the capacity of the human animal for habituation.

The first and most important form of rent contributing to overgrowth resulting in poverty and unhappiness is rent for land: land values created by improvements or by the growth of a community itself held by some fortuitous individual whose accidental claim to a lucky piece of realty is private fortune protected by law. The profits of this particular adventitious fortune create a series of white-collar satellites of the various unearned increments arising from real estate traffic in more or less lucky land. The skyscraper on the urban lucky-lot is an instance of this adventitious modern increment. The city is the natural home of this "fortune."

The second artificiality is the renting of money. By way of the ancient Mosaic invention of "interest," money as a commodity is made to come alive as something in itself to go on continuously working to make all work useless. The profits earned by money as a premium placed upon the

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accretions of labor—"interest"—creates another, the second adventitious form of "fortune." More armies of white-collarites as money satellites are created, all busily engaged in the sale, distribution, operation, and collection of this special form of increment—rent for money—unearned except as an arbitrary, mysterious premium placed upon "money earned" has made it. A new *speculative commodity* has therefore appeared—money. And this unnatural commodity is now also monstrosity. The modern city is stronghold and defense of this "unnatural commodity" now become—monstrosity.

The third artificiality is the unearned increment of the machine itself: the profits of this now great, common leverage employed by all mankind placed where they do not belong. Here traffic in invention is captained and maintained by intensified, capitalist centralization. By this triumph of "rugged individualism" the machine profits of imaginative ingenuity in getting the work of the world done are almost all funneled into the pockets of fewer and fewer and more and more "rugged" captains of industry. Only in a small measure—except by gift or *noblesse oblige* of the captains—are these profits yet (or will they ever be) where they belong. That is to say, with the man whose life is actually modified, given, or sacrificed by this new common agency for doing the work of the world. This agency we call the machine.

And armies of high-powered salesmen came into being in order to unload the senseless overproduction inevitable to this new machine facility exercised in the hands of insensate greed, upon the now dispossessed owner of the machine: *the man himself*. Thus, propaganda is another, but subordinate, creature of this, a third form of "fortune." Another series of white-collarite satellites arose—"selling." The propaganda of salesmanship became *the* great modern art. Politics and publicity; "selling" and financing; collecting by threatening foreclosure; increasing artificial profits by refinancing and "repossession." Wholly false "fronts" were commonplace as the wholly false capitalizing of "risk" took place that rides high today.

As unnatural fixations, the three creatures (original unearned increments), together with their subordinate creatures of fortune, are concentrating money power in fewer and fewer hands. Inevitable centripetal ac-

BASIS OF THE PRESENT CITY: A MAKESHIFT

tion of our capitalist centralization proceeds within fearfully extended controls.

Now, to maintain all this mounting external power of money in due force and effect, innumerable legal sanctions must be continuously sought and applied to these artificial "economic" factors to keep all dovetailing together smoothly. This, now called a "moral necessity," inevitably exaggerated that simple human benefit: government, until morality is no longer on speaking terms with ethics. What is legal, enacted by government, is the expedient. What is right is entirely another matter too often beside the mark. And what is culture?

Once upon a time the Jeffersonian or democratic ideal of these United States was "government is best government that is least government." But in order to keep the peace and some show of equity between the lower passions busily engaged in money begetting money, these infinitely complicated forms of super-money-getting were legitimized by government until government ran away with government. Government itself now becomes monstrosity. Again an enormous army of white-collarites arose: the bureaucrats—spending or checking the spending of money—to add to the other armies. Major and minor courts, petty officials and their complex rulings themselves become more and more necessary. Until now they, too, are an official army to keep order and collect infinite exactions from the citizenry in order to maintain a phenomenal bureaucracy. We might add this form of fortune (the official job) to the other three. But it, too, is only another subordinate creature. Government committed to perpetual propaganda has become a kind of "vested interest" itself: ubiquitous propaganda upon the people for which they must pay whether of the minority or majority.

Multifarious laws enacted by these promise-merchants (our politicians), laws that are only complex expedients to make all this swarming breed function together, have bred, finally, still another white-collarite army: the lawyers. It has become impossible to hold, operate, or distribute land, sell the use of money, or manufacture anything safely, even marry or die, without the guide and counsel of specialists in the extraordinary entanglements of rules applied to this involute commercial game with foreign ex-

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change for counters that we now call machine-age civilization. Small wonder, then, that the decisions of specialists in law are so often in conflict! All lawyers are satellites of universal rent in its multiple forms. And these six hundred thousand legal experts are the inevitable mentors of whatever that mission is that is now left to the big city to perform. So we must add the lawyer as yet another subordinate form of fortune thriving upon misfortune but committed to its prevention by laws.

These artificialities all depend upon some strong-arm status quo: the police! And upon some expedient form of religion wherein men are to be saved (from each other) by faith in God rather than by faith in their own works as men.

Well, taken all together, such is the traditional, unsafe substitute in these United States for the organic economic structure of a humane society: for the simple *basis* that we might honestly call fundamental to the economy of a republican democracy. (Or a democratic republic.) Yet these three principal artificialities subsist as all of the substructure this society has that overbuilt and persists in overinhabiting cities. This wholly inorganic basis of surviving cities is now battened upon by extrinsic sources of production senselessly increasing production merely for the sake of more production. Production trying to control consumption and turn the nation into a vast factory greedy for foreign markets with war as the inevitable clearing-house.

But the old city is only further outmoded by every such forced increase. Already it is distinctly dated by its own excess and the new possibilities of access to ground, our natural resource.

Sources of production are intrinsic only with those men who by skilled or manual toil or by concentration of superior ability upon natural resources, or upon actual production, whether physical, aesthetic, intellectual, or moral, render good "value received" to human life. To the hewers of wood and drawers of water these now pressing questions of decentralization must ultimately be referred. The living, consuming man-unit will ultimately decide the momentous issue of consumption controlling production. The matter will be decided by consumption contriving better distribution on an organic basis.

THIS VICTIM OF THE BATTLE OF THE INCREMENTS

And, what of this human subject (or object), this living man-unit (he is consumption) upon whom (by forced or his own voluntary subordination) the now vastly complicated uneconomic structure now cruelly functions, both rudely interrupted by failure about every seven years only to be strong-armed by federal government? This all-pervading large (or small) "business" now quite universally accepted as good *moral* business.

What about the man himself? The consumer! This man who labors out of the earth essential sustenance for all. What about this objective individual, he who gives reality to thought? He who gets results from these material riches so far as the life of society is concerned? Where in all this is the Agrarian, the Mechanic, the Artist, the Teacher, the Inventor, the Scientist, the Artisan, the Artifex? What about these hewers of wood and drawers of water?

Well—all are pretty much in the same case or caste. Fear is their daily portion. All are no longer masters of their own fortune. Great fortunes are engendered and controlled by schemers, experts in the complex artificialities of this from-the-top-down system we miscall capitalism: a capitalism resting upon no broad human basis in intrinsic production nor square with the nature of men's rightful relation to their own credit here on this, their own earth. And these three false façades of false fortune place false premiums upon false traits of character. Moreover, the three systems of false fortune thus necessarily maintained by the strong-arm of a forced "legitimacy"—that arm, however strong, however reinforced by the police—must periodically tire and come down while confusion and misery descend upon all. Life itself is confused as false fortune in alarm seeks cover of some kind—somehow. Anywhere. We name the chronic recession thus created (it is a fatal disease) a "depression." Or, if it is a managed convulsion by high-powered finance, we have war. Yes, the inevitable clearing-house of finance-à-la-mode is war. Nothing else can save it from destruction except it be the destroyer.

Where, then, in this destructive tangle of artificiality superimposed on artificiality is the genuine artifex? Where is the original—still basic—hewer of wood and drawer of water? What place has he in this economic Tow-

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er of Babel that finds its apex in exaggerated false fortunes and success in exaggerated manufacturing enterprises in exaggerated cities for exaggerated profits? All a kind of deflation of manhood to exploit mankind as the kind profitable to profiteers? Such is the inflation characteristic of a haphazard system strong-armed by law which we miscall capitalism.

We must admit that such haphazard centralization as we have (utterly sordid materialism) has conferred certain human benefits upon the artifex by stimulating ingenuity in machine development and all its uses. More extensive (and destructive) uses of vast new resources do now lie available to the citizen. Meantime, the essential right-mindedness and decency of humanity, the artifex, has gone on working for and in this confusion of the machine age, trying to cultivate beauty, justice, generosity, and pity; best of all, individual responsibility—all in chaos. All upstream without very well knowing how, yet still with faith in man, worshiping the one god somewhat; no longer a golden statue hidden in a cave but a great spirit ruling all by principle. But the man has been doing so without himself ever quite knowing how to apply true principles; not even knowing in just what true principle does really consist.

Nevertheless, this free god of the free artifex is still a great free spirit allowing every man choice between what is good *for* him and what is good *in* him as against what is bad *in* him and bad *for* him, so that by free exercise of his individual conscience he may himself yet grow to be God. Or, at least, Godlike. So the road to the good life is still open to the artifex, but today it leads straight on through obstructions, subtle propaganda, hindrances legally erected, legalities legalizing murder, legalizing theft, legalizing injustice, exploiting faith. In consequence, a general legalized depravity drifting, drifting until we shall find it all heading in toward another revolution. This time the revolution will not be industrial. No. Agrarian? Yes, it is about time.

THIS NATION AS AN EXPERIMENT

But, in spite of the perverse confusion of a depraved cash-and-carry mentality and the servile system it maintains, grew, or grafted upon the new-world order, there has gradually appeared a modern organic concept

THIS NATION AS AN EXPERIMENT

of man and God as growth—a deeper sense of integrity as organic—originally responsible for this new concept which we might properly call democracy. And out of this truly romantic, philosophical concept of the life of man on earth came the foundling: this nation of ours conceived in a liberty wherein all men were to have equal opportunity before the law to develop manhood—where vast territory, riches untouched, was inherited by all breeds of the earth desiring freedom were they courageous enough to come and take domain on terms of the pioneer. A new frontier was erected then, but it is not the one we are facing now.

This new nation, an experiment in freedom, then, called a republic, eagerly manned by refugees from despotism and monarchy, soon became a great federation of states: these United States of America. United, the states became a nation harboring within its border the adventuresome, the outcast, the cheated, the thwarted, the predatory worst. But also the courageous best of all nations deserting previous nationalities to make a new life in the image of this great new ideal here on vast new ground. Or so its leaders pleaded, planned, and hoped. A nation founded upon the best and the worst of everything.

But, although with no corresponding revisions of traditional, therefore Romish or feudal, property rights or much, if any, consideration given to an appropriate new economy, the new country *was* founded upon a more just freedom for the individual than any known before in all the world: a government that should be “best government because least government.” And a Thomas Jefferson crossing an Alexander Hamilton, a George Washington weighing upon a Thomas Paine; an Abraham Lincoln, a William Lloyd Garrison, a John Brown, Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, a Henry George, Louis Sullivan, their kind to the rescue—such were her sons. In them the original ideal was held still clear. Then came quickly indiscriminate private wealth by way of fortuitous survivals of the old despotisms; feudal money-getting and property-holding which the new nation senselessly adopted. All too soon the economic order suited to monarchy and despotism was let loose with fresh coercive ascendancy, in a free-for-all for new riches. Soon power outran culture and soon unnatural reservoirs of predatory capital accumulating made such cultural understanding as the new country had, one of little or no indigenous character. It was so easy

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to grow, gather, or discover and also exploit the first spoils of vast new ground that fortunes piled up overnight in hands least fitted to humanely administer either power or wealth. The fortunate or lucky, high, wide, and handsome, were only too willing to buy ready-made whatever they liked—buy what they might have known they could only have *grown*. The suddenly rich, not content within the culture they had with them (or on them), were quite satisfied with importations they could procure by “buying.” The original idea, as a matter of course, grew more and more thin and dim. Such arts as had come to the new states with the frugal decency of the early colonies survived but a short time. There was no principle originally involved or living in these Colonial arts to grow a new culture upon. Originally Italian Renaissance, they were already degenerate when they reached us. Soon with the advent of so many foreign nationalities came the depraved, licentious eclecticism in all art that was so especially devastating in architecture. Ready-made art, antique or pseudo-classic architecture (the same thing) became the pressing social demand and so the commercial need of the new nation. General riches so rapidly outran indigenous culture that our so-called “American culture” became the great low in eclecticism of all time. “Culture” thus taken over ready-made became more and more a commodity. So the expedient became moral, a desirable social aesthetic! To refer to principle was not yet offensive to science, but it was peculiarly offensive now to academic education in the arts. To refer our culture to principle was soon outrageous. The radical became offensive. He was a danger! Where there were no roots, why look for them?

Here (is it for the first time in history?) a self-determining but polyglot people on vast new ground, subscribing to the highest ideal of governmental freedom yet known, sprang into being as a nation with a curious borrowed bastardized, or a high-brow culture; a curious quarreling collection of very many ready-made cultures pieced together by taste—such as it was—as a makeshift garment worn as might be; not cast away as we now see it should have been. And we got the wasteful, shameful makeshift we regard in the discord all around us. Incongruities were enormous. Riches begot only greater abortions. Abortion became expedient, there-

fore, abortion became moral. Our culture had become no more than a bought makeshift. At best culture consisted in some copy of that earlier rebirth of rebirths called "the renaissance," until nothing cultural ever was or could ever be truly born. This quondam bastardization of the new nation was artificially selected, artificially applied, and soon artificially confirmed by academic or "higher" education. Our culture thus became a collection of imported academic devices arbitrarily applied; growing "authority" all too soon. And too soon the authority of this pseudo-culture was battenning upon our enormous developing material resources. Inevitably such artificiality as this, externally applied substitute for true culture, failed to inspire an appropriate American (Usonian) way of life or encourage any adequate interpretation of the new ideal of freedom upon which the life of our new country was so eagerly founded!

So, this new nation arose, grew in might as it grew in riches, apparently thriving upon the substitute. But it was shamefully wasting its every natural characteristic and resource. Strange, hideous perversions or absurd pretenses were manifest everywhere as the fantastic cultural life of a polyglot people on our vast new ground. But the new life itself was somewhere above or underneath it all, and, where strongest on the ground, it quickly outgrew the narrow bounds of the weak, bastardized forms it borrowed, making all obvious as unnatural. Nevertheless, academic education continued to confirm the bastardized forms so the people planted and nursed them. No constructive lessons whatever could be or ever were learned from the servile eclecticism characteristic at that date. All the nation had upon which to found and grow indigenous culture was sacrificed to this setting sun mistaken for dawn by an academic abnegation amounting to obsession. And, or, by the personal likes or dislikes of the wives of puzzled rugged individualists who themselves cared nothing at all about the matter. Unless it were a mere matter of fashion, American culture became, thus, a form of shameless license putting on provincial airs. Wretched sham to this day.

Pseudo-culture became the more popular as our money power grew enormous, until by the facile means at hand it became enormity! The better citizenry—north, south, east, west—took refuge in the authentic antique and committed its aesthetic monstrosities openly in the name of "classic"

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conformity. Mere names and styles gaining prestige soon had authority. Periodic fashion ruled supreme! Impotence or abnegation, even downright imitation in the creative arts, became honorable because such impotence was "safe." This very impotence was called conservative! Meantime the more fanciful citizenry committed promiscuous atrocities as a form of prostitution in the name of the Louis' and their mistresses. Paris was capital of our pseudo-English Colonial culture, as it had been of its British original.

The altogether unworthy parasitism, not yet ended, of this prostitute, pictorial period was, nevertheless, in our national life (or therefore), raised to the level of authorized academic culture eagerly sanctioned by the Mrs. Gablemores and Madame Plasterbilts of "good" society. Evil consequences of such utter confusion of choice by what the selective taste of new riches could buy "abroad" were inevitable. The god of principle originally intended to rule the rulers of the country new founded upon a more just expression of human liberty than men had known before did not seem to inspire an appropriate or even sensible interpretation of the ways and means of such a free and democratic life as they had desired and sincerely prophesied. Nor did the successful seem to understand at all what the life of their great new democratic ideal meant in terms of the actual economics or the arts or crafts natural to such life. The unsuitable old monarchic economic-system prevailed meantime, utterly demoralizing any vital, fundamental functioning of the popular mind. So why not also demoralize whatever else went with it? Ancient "tradition" now entered the very heart of our culture, not in spirit, but as a mere eclecticism itself. Culture was a mere abnegation!

Art and architecture, previously existing parasitisms for five centuries, sank to indecent imitations by ever freshly confirmed fashionables. Religion itself, and quite naturally, sank beneath the level of such accredited eclecticism. Nothing genuine whatever beyond tears, blood, and sweat found original inspiration anywhere. Whatever abnegation or sterilization was necessary to maintain the general discord of artificiality that passed for American provincial culture was done. In all the valid interests of life, exploitation of the "formula," in religion as well as in art, had right of way because get-rich-quick patrons found get-culture-quick expedients universally recognized as virtue. Yes . . . imagined necessities of ignorant

provincial social ambitions found this cheap short-cut to culture. Thus the spiritual significance of this new ideal of freedom—democracy—by vast new riches, senselessly exploited, was (So easily!) betrayed by success.

Now, any provincial people thus superficially and suddenly eclecticized in matters of culture could, perhaps, only breed "tastes" that could, perhaps, only turn back to taste as culture instead of growing from new life on new ground the culture we as a people, and the European world beside, now really lacked. Desperately needed.

Once again, therefore; this time in the latter days of the nineteenth century, our academic world mistook the setting sun for dawn. The "pseudo" by official order and duly confirmed academic precedent ruled over the popular mind. "American culture" became the highly respectable following-after into general outer darkness which we now see in perspective: What could superartificiality do but stumble and fall senseless wherever or whenever life insisted upon itself as life?

The cultural lag was on! The lag that was to be proudly worn as a tag of respectability.

The cultural lag—built in—was to stay with us in our nation for a century. Or more. It is still with us.

Of course, there could be nothing in such bottoms-up provincial servility that could grow anything worthy of our great new soil even if it would. As indiscriminate wealth and growing abuse of vicarious power itself increased the numbers of the successful, our new country could only overgrow outmoded centralizations patterned after the ancient feudal city, now static monstrosity. Upon our undeveloped vast new ground resources, whereupon a new and great ideal thus declined to be free, money power could do no more than make more money with money for the sake of more money power or else—go to war. Sterile.

The Jeffersonian democratic ideal so inspiring in the beginning and really the highest form of aristocracy this world has ever seen—aristocracy genuinely humane and a quality of the man not bestowed merely by heredity but a matter of character—lacked the economic nourishment that could encourage and give prestige to that ideal. The old equipment and paraphernalia came along, and indigenous culture was to languish

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to this day. Except as the mask might be imposed by architects no more than drapers and haberdashers of the time, *couturiers* functioning as fashionable artists, and except as high-powered salesmanship was able to sell their feeble or profane derivations to the successful, any upsurge of life in the new republic was a vain splurge left to stand before us now falsely qualified or shamefully ugly. To this day a reproach! Naked necessity was better. This cultural mask covered our true selves in the name of this bad form of surface decoration which the country has been taught to call art and architecture. And our universities have conditioned us to so regard this national bastardization in the name of art.

American youth went—(still goes)—to false qualifiers; sat—(still sits)—under professional eclectics of the greatest eclecticism in America, our colleges themselves. There hopelessly confirmed as spiritual parasites, youths are crammed with imported formulas for good “taste.” Taste that never was nor ever can be more than a matter of ignorance!

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Such architecture we set up in these United States as something imposed upon life because we—the people—could not or would not learn how to grow reality out of the circumstances of our own life. Were we unable to live our own lives where the fruits of civilization were concerned because it was so much easier—also cheaper—to buy culture ready-made? Or, being true provincials, were we afraid of being laughed at if our “choice” was not properly certified by such duly constituted authority as we in ignorance had set up? Probably both together.

THE CASE FOR THE INDIVIDUAL

Buddha believed that only nonvicarious effort, that is to say, effort disciplined from within the individual himself, might reach the ultimate for man.

Jesus taught the dignity and worth of the individual developed from within as the only potential individuality. Christianity perverted his teaching.

The Catholic church, discounting his ideal, seeing in it “every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost,” emphasized the desirability of

utter disappearance of individuality which has become, more or less, the politics of fascism as it was meantime the practice of all monarchic, socialistic, or communistic peoples. The protestants brought individuality back again, partially. As a confused ideal. But some five hundred years before Jesus the philosophy of the Chinese philosopher, Laotze, preached a sense of individuality as the reflex of achieved organic unity: the true source of power, the all-pervasive "in-between"! Our own ideal of the social state, democracy, was originally conceived as some such organic unity as that—that is to say, democracy was conceived as the free growth of many individuals as individuals: men, free in themselves, functioning together in a unity of their own will and making, averse to institutions. This is the natural ideal of democracy we grew up with and must now emphasize in order to regain ground lost to the industrial revolution and war; the haphazard big-builder of the big haphazard city that, being overbuilt, has run away! This great iron horse upon which the West rode to power is now in the East. The ubiquitous yellow man is learning to ride a runaway horse.

Out of the so-called "rugged individualism" that captained our greatest enterprises we have gradually evolved a vain, crude power: this plutocratic "capitalist," entirely foreign to the original democratic ideal. The actual difference between such "individualism" and true individuality is the difference between selfishness and selfhood; the difference between sentiment and sentimentality; the precise difference between liberty and license.

And such individualism as that (*it is every man for himself and the devil for the hindmost*), aggravated by misuse of vicarious or expedient powers by masters of the three great increments—rent for land, rent for money, and rent for manhood—has got such native individuality as is allowed to live—in us and of us—into bad repute. Like the abuse of any great good-thing, such abuses of individuality brought reactionary consequences. Proofs of reaction are everywhere with us today. The ultra-conservative rich man is one proof. And such reaction as can come from a pseudo-culture wherein art is only a makeshift is more proof. Personal idiosyncrasies of men of "taste"; personality persistently mistaken for in-

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dividuality, are still more convincing. Wherever creation is the concern, sterility has been the natural consequence of growing vicarious exercises of increasing mechanical power. Such abuses have now become our national characteristics of defeat, not success.

But true creative ability must still, as always, be the first-rate concern of individuality, just as surely as individuality must ever be the concern of creative ability. So, as a matter of fact, until Usonians do recognize that individuality is not mere personality but is the natural blossom and fruit of organic character seldom common, always radical and, therefore, truly conservative of life, being a matter of the soul, we will have no adequate defense for democracy. None. We will have no defense for democracy because we will not have grasped what democracy means. So how can we either set it up or learn how to protect it if we do not even know what it means?

Democracy cannot afford personality to be mistaken for individuality nor ever accept it as substitute for individuality. Nor can the human will and intellect working together produce individuality. In any such attempt they can make only a mimic or a monster. Should our great-near-great ever become better able to draw the line between the curious and the beautiful, this difference between personality and individuality will come clear to us. Our national salvation as well as the cornerstone of our culture now lies in practices that would be evident enough to us all were we to evolve such definitions, once and for all.

Individuality is organic spirituality! It is the essence of true manhood . . . the soul. Democracy is its very gospel. Its policy would always be a determined struggle against fixation. Militocracy would murder it.

Only a common misunderstanding among us leads us to speak of spirituality as something apart from any fixation whatsoever. But true significance can lie only within such expressions of life in material form as are the very essence of spirit. It is all the life form has. If this significance (the *spirit* of the form) is lacking, then creative art is no creature of the soul and can never be. But, wherever there is this spirit-life, there is, infallibly, the aura of expressive significance in man-made things. For any nation to be

insignificant, it must needs be without this radiant aura of a great indigenous art. And for us to be a people without such great art means to be a people untrue to ourselves: no real life of our own or any true philosophy as sanctuary for the soul of a people.

Individuality, then, may be said to be this inner, organic significance of the "person" or of "things"—an inner quality which we could properly call the soul. Thus true creative manhood, from first to last, is vitally concerned with this deeper significance. Education should consist in learning to recognize such individuality wherever found as native integrity whether of the person or of peoples or of things. We often really mean to refer to individuality when we speak of character.

Individuality, then, is the simple integrity of character, whether of persons, things, or places. This integrity is the essential core of a democracy. That is why it may be said that democracy is the very "gospel of individuality."

Without elemental individuality as a human integrity, there can only be the rise, use, or abuse of the expedient; in other words, nothing above the belt more than a vicarious life for mind and body. In such circumstances there could be no great art of architecture, no poetry or religion, for any people.

If as a people we do really desire democracy, we must be especially careful how we turn upon individuality—the basic ego—and fail to distinguish it from what is merely egotistic. We have nicknamed so many elegant but flagrant abuses in the name of individuality. The "rugged individualism" of capitalism is an instance. Capitalism may be merely individualism run egotistic riot. "Rugged" or otherwise, such individualism may be (and usually is) completely something with which true individuality really has nothing to do. Individuality has little to do with capitalism such as ours. Nor Communism nor Socialism. Individuality is the salient inalienable property of life comprehended by democracy only.

The ism can have neither individuality nor belong to democracy. The man with a formula has already taken place as a *substitute* wherever the ist, the ism, or the ite may be justly applied. That was why all great religious teachers—Buddha, Jesus, Abdul Bahai, Laotze especially—wanted no institutionalizing, tolerated no officialdom. They wanted not even disciples except as "fishers of men" for truth.

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But human nature is so far out of drawing by this time, owing to the miseducated in our system, that this essence of human nature is either on crutches or so pitifully weak that it can function only on pseudo-civilized lines, say, on the boulevard or by way of the groove or on hard rails, or city pavements. Probably we should say "in the rut." And as we now go on wheels, the rail or the pavement is become the rut. So rut-government seems inevitable at the moment.

The rut becomes not only respectable. Only the rut is "safe." It is surely "expedient." And therefore is said to be conservative. "Good taste"? The rut, too often, is called law and order when it should be seen and recognized by democracy as only the rut.

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Yes, individuality is a menace to fixed rut-life. So rut-life in all its forms turns with ratlike perspicacity against individuality with a hatred born of fear. The conservative, so called, always hates the radical. And he hates with good reason because he, the conservative, as we now know him, is only a lid-sitter (usually a stand-patter), afraid of any going to the roots because he instinctively knows he has none. There are none where he is.

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Actually we are here concerned (and therefore) in this consideration of the future city that is a nation with a future for human individuality in this deeper organic sense as man's spirit: his soul. Individuality thus being the *fundamental integrity of the man* and so the most valuable asset of the human race. Without this inner integrity there never can be true culture. No great art can arise from or for us in any expedient pretense of democracy. Wherever there is democracy, individuality must be *inviolate as conscience*. To violate the conscience of the citizen is to kill democracy at its very source.

THE LAW OF CHANGE

Let us admit, then, that before the advent of standardized mechanization, the American way of life in the old city was, in its effects as well as in its proportions, more humane.

In such planning as the city had, as in European prototypes, all spacing was based fairly enough upon the human being on his feet or seated in a

trap behind a horse, or two. Machinery had brought no swifter alternative. Urban life was a festival of wit, a show of pomp and revel of occasion still in human scale. So urbanity rewarded life back there in the original circumstances for which cities were built. Originally they were the group-life of powerful individualities themselves still true in scale to life. Conveniently enough spaced. But, under pressure, most of this better life has been driven or willed away and is either dead or travels, or lives on country estates. Such genius as the city knows is recruited from the country. And the foolish recruit, celebrant of his success such as it is and all it may be, seeks the city as a market only to find it an insatiable maw demanding and devouring *quantity* instead of encouraging and protecting *quality*. As eventually it devours him, so now it is devouring itself. Fish for sale in the market place? Yes. None in the streams. And to this foolish celebrant no less than to other seekers, frequent escape to the country is essential because the overgrown city offers nothing the citizen cannot better find already on terms of comparative freedom in the countryside. The machine has done that much for his majesty while he slept.

Reflect upon the fact that the fundamental unit of space measurement in modern life for every man has so radically changed that he now bulks ten to one, even a hundred to one, seated in his motorcar. Mobilizing has only just begun. This circumstance alone would render the old city obsolete. Like some hopelessly inadequate old building, it is still inhabited only because we feel we cannot yet afford to throw it away and allow Time, Place, and Man to build the new one we need. But soon we will be willing to give all we have got to get on consciously with this city of the new freedom which is, unconsciously, already underway. We will have it for our posterity if not for ourselves. But our posterity will probably have it anyway, once our own temporal fictitious prosperity is out of the way.

Devouring human individuality has invariably ended in eventual human desolation: the ultimate destruction of devourer and devoured. All history records this. Render conscience "suspect" or deny conscience to the human being as a sacred right, and, ahead, you have only downfall for the nation.

Why and for what then, we may ask, are the overgrown cities being held? For militocracy, prostitution, and banking? Do we really need them, even for that?

THE ILLUSION

And yet, who, coming to New York for the first time, could fail to feel that we must be a great people to have raised this heavy frame of a relentless commercial engine so cruelly high in the air; to have grandly hung so much solid-masonry book-architecture upon it regardless. And at such enormous cost!

Such frantic energy, too, has poured into this haphazard money-mountain to pile up material resources ruthlessly wrenched by relentless ambition from abounding national resources! What of it, if everywhere these resources are wasted in foolish attempts at enrichment that end only in bad surface decoration? What if one arrogant skyscraper does ram another, cramming the harsh haphazard upended mass, crowding in on the bewildered eye peering up from the black shadows down there below? What if we do? We see greater, if similar, drama wherever irresistible physical violence has broken and tilted up the earth's crust? We see that this volcanic crater of blind, confused, irresponsible money-power controlling mechanical forces pushing up to compete and grind against each other is forced and moved by commercial greed. In such common exploitation as this the machine in the hand of greed is forcing *anxiety* upon all life. Our astonishment is akin to admiration. But consider this no noble expression of life.

The shadow the skyscraper casts is more significant than all beside. That shadow is apotheosis of the surviving, ancient shadow-of-the-wall.

If the skyscraper be considered as an independent unit—something in itself—it may be justifiable. A prideful thing. A tall building may be beautiful and a desirable circumstance provided, always, it is not interference with but contribution to the humanities—looking a little further ahead than the end of the landlord's ruse. That ruse is never humane. It is no longer sane.

The exaggerated perpendicularity of the big towns and cities in our nation has no bill of health. No. The perpendicular casts a shadow. That shadow of the skyscraper falls, an utterly selfish exploitation, because, were the civic rights of the neighbor down in the shadow exercised, there could be no "skyscraping" as we know it. There would be only a general rise in floor level, without sense or distinction, swamping all tenantry in artificial

light and bad ventilation, creating congestion unbearable even to the herd-struck moron that skyscraperism cultivates would be the inevitable result.

To its builders the very insolence of the skyscraper feat is no small measure of skyscraperism's attraction. Skyscraperism fits so well into the primitive psychology of the "rugged individualist"—he who from an office fifty stories above the man in the street below directs great money-making enterprises thousands of miles away. He, the successful, is at last picturesque in the way he likes to be picturesque: at the expense of the neighbors. The tall silk hat had a little something to gratify him—but now? What a hallmark a very tall, taller, and the tallest building in town can place upon his success! Titles? They are mere "nicknames"! But here in his own skyscraper the successful businessman is tangible proof of his own greatness. Its shadow *is his own shadow!* So what does all else matter to him?

As material things are with us today this—the skyscraper—is the ultimate to be expected from such false standards as we have mistaken for the freedom of democracy and have so painstakingly legalized and encouraged. But it is now exalted order of merit for the cultural lag.

In future the present era will be known and considered as the ne-plus-ultra of capitalistic centralization. And the skyscraper? The prancing of this great iron horse, the "industrial revolution," as the iron horse reared for the plunge before the runaway.

Thus enforced upon our understanding (and our undertaking), our underdeveloped, overgrown urban life is not merely a falsity but is actually a moral, economic, aesthetic monstrosity.

Feudal survival is already so far out of human scale owing to social, collegiate, and commercial exploitation going hand in hand that the citizen, miseducated, is lost. If properly citified, that is to say, if well "mechanized" by commercialized education, his soul is so far gone from him that he easily mistakes exaggeration for greatness; continually mistakes vicarious powers of the machine for his own powers and finds hectic excitement in uproar and the verticalities. The more properly citified he is, the more has inferiority grown pleasing to him. In the roar of congestion, these terrific collisions and explosions of grinding mechanical forces; in this whirl-

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ing exaggeration, this poor dervish thinks he sees *his own* greatness! So now the citizen grows satisfied to have "greatness" something wholly vicarious: something he can look up to from the sinister shadow cast upon him. A shadow not cast by the sun.

Seen at night, heedless of real meaning, the monster aggregation has myriad, haphazard beauties of silhouette and streams with reflected or refracted light. Undefined, the monster becomes rhythmical and appeals to what remains of our universal love of romance and beauty. The immense aggregation becomes mysterious and suggestive: inspiring to the ignorant. Fascinating entertainment, this mysterious gloom which hangs necklaces of light through which shine clouds of substitutes for stars. The streets become rhythmical perspectives of glowing dotted lines, reflections hung upon them in the streets as the wisteria hangs its violet racemes on the submerged trellis. The skyscraper, in the dusk, is a shimmering verticality, a gossamer veil, a festive scene-drop hanging there against the black sky to dazzle, entertain, and amaze.

The lighted interiors come through it all with a sense of life and well-being. At night the city not only seems alive. It does live. But lives only as illusion lives.

Then comes the light of day. Reality. Streams of more and more insignificant beings pouring out onto hard pavements to "hole in" again somewhere or find their way to this or that: human beings packed into the roar and rush of speed—a kind of voracity—to pour out of other holes elsewhere. Sordid reiterations everywhere or space-for-rent! The overpowering sense of the cell; dreary emphasis of narrowness, slicing, edging, niching, and crowding. Tier above tier, the soulless shelf. Interminable empty crevices along the winding ways of the windy unhealthy canyon. This heartless grip of selfish, grasping, universal stricture. Box on box beside boxes. Black shadows below with artificial lights burning all day long in little caverns and squared cells. Prison cubicles!

Above the hungry, enormous aggregation cruel ambition has painted false, haphazard, pretentious skylines. False ambitions try to relieve it and make it more humane, lying about it by elaborate ornamentation. Con-

fusion. Anxiety. Spasmodic to-and-fro. Incessant stop-and-go. Every human movement broken! Every human interest endangered.

The all-too-narrow lanes, wherever available are, at best, only fifty per cent effective owing to the gridiron. In the gridiron a bedlam of harsh, soul-torturing-sound roars. Wasteful, spasmodic movement races to and fro, crisscrosses these erstwhile narrow village lanes. Down in deep shadows cast by these distortions of force lurks the human soul. Out of scale! Defeat of true humane aspiration uppermost.

In this incongruous man-trap of monstrous dimensions, enormity devouring manhood confuses personality in order to frustrate all individuality? This, then, is Anti-Christ? This Moloch knowing no God but More.

Considering the traffic problem forced upon the city and aggravated by the skyscraper, remember that the present city is yet only about one-tenth the motorcar city it must become within twenty-five years. Dutiful devotion in the machine age should mean either a motorcar which is comparative flight, a helicopter, or mean a moron for a citizen. Or a maniac. Every citizen soon has either a car or dreams of having one or more, meantime envying the neighbor his four or three or two or one. And, if gridiron-congestion is already crucifixion, what will life be like on the "gridiron" in a few years' time as success multiplies machine-age success?

Roughly calculate the mass of public conveyances, taxicabs, busses, and trucks that such success already brings to an overgrown city consisting of one or several to six million people. Take more than one-half that number of private cars; add perhaps one twenty-fifth as many delivery machines; add one fiftieth as many busses to displace streetcar tracks and unwholesome subways. You will find that with room enough for each incidental transient coming to town from the suburbs (or going out) in order to function at all lengthwise, to say nothing of cross-wise, the surging maniac mass would pig-pile the narrow city channels above the seventh story!

Allowing for the crisscross of the gridiron making every city street only half-time efficient, the struggling mass would double, pile up over, and swamp even the skyscraper. Call this an exaggeration and cut it in two—

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then, if you like, cut it in two again. There will still be enough cars pounding along to put Manhattan and all its kind completely out of commission in the city streets, none of which, at best, can be more than fifty per cent efficient.

Again, consider the fact that the motorcar has only just begun upon this surviving imitation of ancient Bedlam. Then why deck, double-deck, or triple-deck city streets or burrow in holes below them at a cost of billions of dollars only to invite further increase and eventually submit to inevitable defeat?

Why not allow the citizenry to keep the billions they would have to pay for decking and burrowing? They could buy more and better cars and perhaps safe flying machines, eventually bailing out of the man-trap into the more natural fruitful life of the country. Yes, as the genuine freedom of democracy dawns for the citizen, the utility of the present pig-pile of the prison-city vanishes by way of the excess of the hazardous machine power that built it haphazard. A city must now begin to appear as the planned consequence of a better understanding of what the machine means to the man with a manly conscience. Without integrity of conscience democratic freedom is entirely something else.

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There is no longer manifest a clear thought or any sane feeling for human good in such senseless exaggerations. It is not greatness. By it the elements of greatness are sterilized or else stalemated. Lurking in the sinister shadow selfishly cast by urban stricture today, especially in our libraries, museums, colleges, and institutions of authority, there is abiding, parasitic make-believe. The fantastic abortion of the false façade is a general frown. But the shadow itself is most sinister. This savage, insane emulsion and convulsion of the overgrown city is as valid an example of human degeneration as ever existed in all time.

How could it be otherwise?

Some thriving little village (port perhaps) driven insane by excess of "success": the only success our shopkeeping ideals or our pet expedients conveniently mistaken for principles ever really knows. The city now is nothing more than much more of the already much-too-much in all the hell there is. Base expedients rule all city life in the name of the practical.

THE FORCES TEARING THE VORTEX DOWN

Finer human sensibilities, above the belt, grow numb. But hope lies in the fact that the whole swollen commercial enterprise proceeds to stall its own engine by its own excess.

The interests that overbuilt the city now, own it and spend billions upon it to keep it going, buying such prowess as we have to make its purpose—man rent and money rent—acceptable to ubiquitous urban millions, are themselves in ever immediate danger of running each other down in a perennial race for bigger and better building bait for equally acquisitive, bewildered tenants.

These inexorable factual forces that overbuilt the city are out of control. Swarming tenantry in so many forms, built into the city blindly, was built into it only to see the monstrosity tear itself down or wear itself out.

For a page or two let us examine mechanical forces thrusting at all this exaggeration from within (and from beneath), trying to see just how these forces will return this now festering acceleration to the soil. Once there, on good ground, in course of time the damage urban, cancerous overgrowth has wrought upon the life of these United States may be gradually repaired.

Of the underlying forces working ceaselessly toward this destruction of the city (really our emancipation) is the gradual reawakening of slumbering, primitive instincts of the wandering tribe. The adventurer, come down the ages, appears upon the scene. His instincts, subjectively intermingling with surviving instincts of the cave-dweller, are protesting and denying this shadow-of-the-wall which we call a survival of the feudal city.

Physical forces of the machine itself through electrical, mechanical, and chemical invention volatilizing voice, vision, and movement-in-distance, in so many new forms, all are now actually aiming against the city on the side of this wandering, space-loving primitive.

These miracles of technical invention with which this hit-or-run culture of ours has had nothing at all to do, but which in spite of misuses and

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abuses are the new forces with which not only culture but life itself must reckon, are:

One: electrification. Given electrification, distances are all but annihilated so far as communication goes. A radical change in the basis of our civilization.

Two: mechanical mobilization. Given the steamship, airship, and the automobile, our human sphere of movement immeasurably widens by many mechanical modes, by wheel or air. Another radical change in the basis of civilization.

Three: organic architecture. Given this inner discipline of principle, material resources are no longer something to be fought against or fought for. They are available to man in the air, the sea, or the mud under his feet, and they are the natural basis of good design. With organic architecture, man is a noble feature of his own ground, integral as trees, the sculptor-streams, and the ribs of rocks that are our hills. A rational, important change in civilization is possible because architecture for the individual becomes not only reasonable but is the only possible architecture. So the architecture of democracy is here. At last it is demanding organic foundations for organic structure everywhere: demanding organic foundations economic, ethical, social, and aesthetic: insisting upon beginning at the beginning to plan: planned revolution—by evolution.

Already a new sense of space in spaciousness has become not only scientific but, as it always was—artistic. The congested verticality of any city is now utterly inartistic and *unscientific!* To this awakening space-loving human being stricture is already intolerable, as it ought to be.

Wherever human life is concerned, the unnatural stricture of excessive verticality cannot stand against more natural horizontality.

Another lateral force comes to aid these reawakening instincts of the adventurer. It lies within the spiritual strength of the fresh challenge to which we have referred as a superb ideal of human freedom—democracy. This new ideal is an old spiritual concept of life but new to our modern time. It will soon find its own natural consequence in decentralization. With a new spiritual concept, we are moving beyond general prostitution to the expedient. Organic architecture is the integral concept of this new life which our nation will learn to identify as democracy. Even though only half-comprehending this ideal architecture, and its inevitable appropriate

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forms not at all, nevertheless, this new-old ideal is destined to become the greatest single spiritual force moving free mankind against the time-bound man in any time-bound city. Decentralization is a great necessary movement, now an imminent necessity. Therefore inevitable?

So, the three principal machine agencies are steadily at work for decentralization along with surviving instincts of the freedom-loving primitive. While these new instrumentalities of this civilization we call the machine age are at work, democracy is approaching. And while yet unconscious of the precise form democracy will take, we see these new forces gathering to overthrow festering exaggerations of the old cities by means of their own excesses.

Look again at the three machine agencies busily at work forcing changes upon this "best of all possible worlds." Examine them in detail. Then study this young-old champion of freedom already at work around the world: organic architecture—the remedy.

In earlier times human intercommunication could be had only by direct personal contacts. Commercial or social, they were slow and difficult, if not wholly lacking—unless the city were a close-built mart, a general meeting place and general distributing center. So, as already said, feudal cities grew to serve human need. Such human concentrations were a not un-mixed evil. Cities originally grew as organisms, grew as the organism of our own body grows: a natural result of feeding. Acceleration of circulation and the activity characterizing a malignant, parasitic tumor did not then manifest itself because it was not then malignant. The ancient city was not opposed to the normal course of human life in relation to environment or to agrarian and industrial work over near-by agrarian areas. The cities of ancient civilizations grew to relieve pressures that lack of the integration which is now modern then caused. But, even so, those civilizations have all perished. Meantime, perhaps learning lessons from the past, most modern European cities wisely resisted such skyscraper exploitation as ours, remaining nearer to human scale. But our own survivals of the ancient cities have gone on absorbing from the country what they can never repay: exaggerating industry at the expense of agriculture. Both, ignorant of human culture.

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Feverish excitations of urban ganglia, owing to the pressures of such fundamental changes as we are describing, now grown phenomenal, are more and more painful. And yet concentrations of about two hundred or more persons to the acre are often considered "practical" (London) in planning or replanning.

Gather that many people together, visible on every acre, and try to imagine freedom and the pursuit of happiness left open to each as such multitudinous crews on contiguous acres grow up around each other by the square mile!

By any sane definition of democracy, we can at least now see that ultimate human satisfactions no longer depend upon density of population. Already we are that far ahead? And that perception is prophetic of a future for democracy.

New machine agencies and new tendencies that should now be consciously deployed and organized: agencies tending toward the new city—Broadacres—have been mentioned. But to recapitulate. New agency number one: electrification. So far as communication is concerned, the village that became a city may now be scattered. So far as mobilized communication goes, there is little or no advantage in a few blocks apart over a mile or even ten miles. Human thought itself has long since been rendered ubiquitous by printing. But now not only thought but speech and movement are volatile: the telegraph, telephone, mobilization, radio. Soon, television and safe flight.

Agency number two: steam, dependent on fuel concentrations, once upon a time congested and coupled close together all human devices for movement and living comforts. Enters now the internal-combustion engine that safely goes anywhere carrying its own fuel, smoothly working as it goes. The motor ship, the automobile, and the airplane came along, and space becomes economy. Hard roads came in, too, because of these advantages and were developed as continuous avenues of swift, fluid communication.

To mention results of new agency number one: mechanical systems of refrigeration, heating, and lighting making dependence upon the char-

acteristic centralized service systems of the city unnecessary and of small account as economy to the homemaker.

Results of new tendency number two: the new materials, pre-stressed steel-in-tension, high-pressure concrete, glass and innumerable broad, thin, cheap sheets of wood, metal, or plastics which together with similar sheets of insulation make a new type of design for buildings desirable; buildings that may be made by machinery going to the building instead of the building going to machinery. Any construction may be so economized now that the home may open to environment, broadening the life of every individual family.

Results of new tendency number three: mass production: machine-shop fabrication making utilities cheaper; making them cheap because new designs are available in quality for all instead of still more questionable luxuries for the few. Machine design is now one of the principal means to make use of machine power to decentralize the big city, disperse and collect it, into what we, at first, are calling the countryside; uniting now desirable features of the city with features of the ground in that happier union: the reintegration which we are calling Broadacres. A city native to this new creative ability we hope to see manning the machine for the people. We will then have the right to speak of the city of democracy without indulging in double-talk.

THE EXODUS

Individuals still capable of developing selfhood in their own right (consciously or unconsciously) will go first to the free city because it is a proper sense of dignity and worth of the individual as an individual that will work with and not against this machine now a runaway: a reactionary in the industrial revolution. And the runaway is already forcing the old city into new form. But after the more militant citizens leading the way others will come trailing into that freedom which we will soon have good right and reason to call democracy.

Individual character must be a healthy growth again, throughout, no matter how our present civilization came to be (or at least be growing healthy), unless we, the people, want to go down to stay down. Imitations

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of the ancient feudal city must be recognized as inimical to our new means of life, our new equipment, and be acted upon by our people not only as calamity but a possible *quality* throughout their daily lives. Such decentralizing and reintegration must now be seen by them as indispensable to any nation aspiring to democracy. Only the common spirit of an energetic freedom-loving people disciplined from within by means of their own choosing, employing natural methods and materials with Art, Science, and Religion in common (and in command), only such a people will have—and with perhaps the less government formality the better—great unity and indestructible power. Theirs would be unbreakable defense. Of such should be the character of Usonian democracy. A “morale” never to be vanquished. A natural aristocracy.

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And why should men not use the powers of this runaway machine leverage to gain their own freedom?

Undermined by its own excess, the capitalist's dream of a centripetal city is being overthrown by lack of human scale in its own rank overgrowth. Except as temporary refuge for what remains of the isms, ists, and ites and those who profit by them, our feudal survivals are already dated. Unselfish independent individuality, of which, believing we have enough to live and grow by, we will continue to sing, has no longer a place in the old city more important than a burrow. Driven into nooks and crevices there, inhibited as it is inhibited elsewhere in the nation, it exists only to be further thwarted or aborted. The more manhood a man has, the more he is frustrated by rank mass-life only competing with life at every step. Never completing life. The “full employment” we hear about is not enough for the citizen now—if this country means what it says. It may only be the bribe that enslaves him.

No . . . full employment is not enough. It may be and probably now is only another more subtle form of conscription. It may continue to be the useful means centralization holds out to the conscript, a baited hood to keep the man who works dangling by his eyebrows in the city.

But no healthy human soul can grow or even long survive these sterilizing practices of vicarious machine life so common to this machine age: practices now common abuses. Urban life à la mode can be only some kind

of pitiful surrender to the all-devouring expedient in endless and petty increasing social and official exactions. Always, the underlying purpose will be found to be some form of rent. Rent coming. Or rent going. Or call it conscription, the modern crime of crimes: because conscription is only a cowardly form of confiscation: the form of rent most hated because it soonest destroys democracy at its source. The soul grows by what it gives even more than by what it takes and feeds upon. But no man grows by what is exacted from the soul.

DECENTRALIZATION AND THE NEW SCALE OF SPACING

OUR share in all the Americas—why not call it Usonia?—can no longer afford to be without that essential interpreter of humanity—the creative architect; nor can the nation afford to believe that creative architecture is not the logical interpreter of our modern era. Since old-school philosophy, economics, and religion have failed and politics is a prostitute, organic architecture is perhaps the only interpreter that can light the way. The philosophy of creative art alone can do it, and other arts are not yet awake after their long journey away from their mother-art, which is the art of architecture. Other arts have recently shown some signs of awakening. But in this fundamental affair of form (not reform but the construction of true form) the architect is the natural prophetic interpreter. Especially so in such circumstances as are now our common fate. The mind of the architect is the mind most needed by us, as a people, now. That faith means that we believe the ancient great powers that built great civilizations only to die still live on in us to build a civilization able to live. We know that ancient cities perished because of external ideals.

And we know that the same old human power that died with them is infinitely multiplied by the leverage of mechanical forces. If we use machine power to build this new freedom for man *in the free organic city* of an appropriate civilization, we may live indefinitely. Why, then, temporize with fatal, old, external ideals—and all of which proved to be mistakes?

The dynamic ideal we call democracy, gradually growing up in the human heart for two thousand five hundred years at least, has now every opportunity to found the natural democratic state in these United States of America by way of a natural economic order and a natural, or organic, architecture.

* Samuel Butler's suggestion of a name for a nameless nation (see his *Erewhon*).

The original founding was an experiment! Yes, and if the "experiment" is to succeed, this union (we are calling it Usonia now) must turn from prevalent centralization with its monarchic tendencies all variously named for some form of statism or other, turn to the integration of decentralization inevitable to democratic life: turn toward freedom of conscience inviolate for the individual as an Individual. More freedom for him, not less. A better, more integral livelihood is needed for the citizen-farmer, citizen-industrialist, citizen-professional, citizen-teacher, or the citizen-artist. And all citizen-artisans. A full life based squarely with aesthetic good sense upon the ground we live upon. Our inspiring common heritage.

In this coming city the individual at home will be far more directly related to landscape, to transport, to distribution of goods, publicity and all cultural opportunity than is easily imagined at present. But it is the individual home which democracy will build first—allowing a freedom and freshness of life from within that no civilization has yet attained or ever had the means to attain until now.

The Usonian home itself is where organic architecture first comes to life to meet a rising demand for finer integrity of means to social ends as well as structure. Modern improvements everywhere united, correlated as one great improvement brought to the service of the citizen as *an individual*. Thus decentralization, then reintegration, actively oppose centralization. Consequent reinterpretation of our life by Art, Religion, and Science will point the way forward to our democracy. Decentralization and organic reintegration will go to work together over the whole land to create a better livelihood by so re-creating the framework of our modern life that our work, leisure, and culture will be our own and, as nearly as possible, *one*. Now unqualified, men must be educated to desire to go forward and qualify for their original inheritance—the good ground. Only then may each man be a whole man, living a full life. Nor does that mean that every man must be a genius or a farmer. No, but there is no longer excuse for any man to be the kind of parasite machine-centralization has been busy making of him only to insure him "employment" on terms of the wage slave.

As we now know, these new machine forces of potential liberation are yet far from working freely for the citizen. They are not owned by him. They are owned by the same landlords, machine lords, and money lords that own rent and operate the city of today. These misdirected new me-

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chanical means of liberation are already warped to an economic distortion that is deformity. Enormity.

Nevertheless, it is within the nature and innate power of mechanical forces to automatically destroy, if used by men for that purpose, any system that continues to deprive humanity of all but such a small fragment of the benefit of its own new national resources: resources not only in machine power to work with but in supermaterials to work upon. And where is his self-respect as he now stands?

Though we as a people are unfamiliar with the idea, it is organic architecture that by educational revolution can lead the way out of this blind wasteful collision of crude forces and by evolution press on toward the organic co-ordination now the basic condition of any true democratic ideal. Organic architecture, understanding and employing the principles of organic law, can alone end this vast superwaste of human life. Waste become so commonplace that to thoughtlessly accept its consequences is "normal." But it is not inevitable, though it may easily be fatal to our experiment in civilization.

In the city of yesterday ground space is still reckoned by the square foot. In the city of tomorrow ground space will be reckoned by the acre. For example—an acre to the individual. This individual acre seems a minimum if we consider that if all the inhabitants of the world were to stand upright together, they would scarcely occupy the island of Bermuda. And reflect that in the United States there are about fifty-seven green acres each for every man, woman, and child within our borders.

Even on the basis of an acre to the family, architecture would soon come into service of the man himself as a natural feature of his growth. Architecture for manhood could then never again be the adapted, commercialized thing it is: men mere makers of space to be sold, sold again, resold, and oversold by taxi-meter realtors busy "seeing to it" that there be no more standing-room than lively competition affords. Chronic artificial scarcity in any form—no boon to mankind—is dying fast, together with "artificial life" in any form.

Yes . . . ground space itself is the one sure basis for a true culture and a more liberal education.

A democratic society must learn to see life as itself free and to be trusted, learn to see organic architecture as itself the essential expression and nat-

ural protection of all organic life, because such building is itself a form of organic life. And you may be sure that the ultimate Usonian City will be a city safe on its own foundations. Impregnable defense? Why not? To see it would be to desire likewise.

Imitative eclecticism in art or architecture, however tasteful or thoroughly sophisticated, is always some bad form of wasteful sentimentality: surface decoration at best. Taste can never be more than selective: some appreciative exploitation of something or other from somewhere that someone else made somewhere else. As we now practice what we are pleased to call "taste," it is a kind of knavery or slavery. The jackdaw, the magpie, the cuckoo, the monkey: all of them are such eclectics by nature! And it is more than merely unfortunate that our experiment in the birth of a nation has consciously known the artist only on the terms of such highly sophisticated sentimentality. The sentimentalist never does actually learn lessons, and so his "conversion" when it occurs is merely turning him about to some other form of eclecticism. "Expediency," once eclectic, is an eclectic forever.

Peripatetic Americanism has tried for so long to pick and choose external effects, to opportunely lead a native life instead of letting life lead the native and teach him how to work and live. As a constructive force of a natural order from within he—well . . . he can be no "American" artist. He has become little more than a palliative or some petty luxury. At his overeducated very-best he is likely to be his very worst. The huckster you hear on the radio, the star you see in the movies, the designer whose work is on the manufacturer's lists: hopeless eclectics. All.

So at this eleventh hour if the architect's faith still lives, it lives as it has lived since the birth of this republic, on honest experiments made by courageous, intelligent radicals in love with principle.

Only the faith that keeps radical faith with radical life is truly safe! This is as true wherever great political co-ordinations are to be effected as it is true where good building is to be done. A worthy experiment is not the same thing as one merely experimental. Which is something we have yet to learn.

So, let us approach the traffic problem as another *human* problem, not as a tinker by trying to tear parts of the city down to get the green pas-

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tures in and set the city up again on its same old site, feudal towers only a little farther apart just because they go higher up.

No. We have plenty of occasion to know that vested interests cannot be divested by agreement; only by earnest educational revolution. "Interests" will never voluntarily agree to the loss of their immediate quarry which is—property as power!

But, with vision, observe with me for another page or two this inner law of organic change now at work upon the degenerate old city. The inexorable Law of Change. This plastic law with inevitable modern consequences. First and forthcoming consequence is the organic city of our discourse.

WHEN MACHINERY GOES TO WORK FOR THE CITIZEN, MOBILITY ENABLES US TO GO WHERE WE WANT TO GO

Enough blind-alley nonsense has been talked by skyscraperites in defending urban congestion to obscure the simple issue. But of what practical use now, in the light of our modern ideal, is more of the rationalistic imagery of super-space-makers for rent—these professional promoters of the skyscraper traffic problem? Their skyscraper is a milestone in our progress and the gravestone of such capitalist centralization as they advocate.

For organic reasons the "traffic problem," as we call our danger and difficulty in getting about on city streets, is tied up with skyscraper centralization and is insoluble upon any basis satisfactory to human life within any busy big city we have in the United States.

Fond human dreams are about to be realized: the door of the urban cage is opening!

Amorphous herds now swarming in erstwhile village streets must take wing—or go on wheels, which is much the same thing because all increased facilities of movement are lateral. All are comparative flight.

The door of the cage is surely opening as a consequence of motorcar invasion and of collateral inventions leading up to total mechanization.

The actual physical horizon of the individual immeasurably widened his entire life is broadened at its base if some means of humanizing mechanization can be found and put to work. In this connection it is significant that not only have *space* values entirely changed to *time* values, forming a

new standard of measurement, but a new sense of spacing based upon automobility is here. Mobility is now at work upon the man himself in spite of himself. And, too, the impact of this new sense of space already engendered is spiritual as well as physical. A ride high up in the air in any elevator only shows the man who is still a man how far he can go on the ground. It is this broadened view of the horizon that inspires in him the desire to go. If he has means to go, he goes. He has the means in his motorcar. The horizon keeps conveniently widening for him as he goes.

This physical release is at work upon the citizen's character as a spiritual inspiration and satisfaction.

When the citizen gets release, his selfish interests may still pull away at him, pig-pile him senselessly in high tiers of cells upended on hard pavements. They are still doing so. Dazed by new freedom, he is like some bird born in captivity. But when he finds the door of his cage open, he will soon learn that he can fly. When he learns that if he flies he is free, he is gone.

After all is said and done, *he*—the citizen—is the city. And so the city is going where he goes. He is sure to go where he may enjoy all the city ever gave him, plus the security, freedom, and beauty of the good ground: his basis for economic independence. The only sure basis of his freedom.

This means that throughout our country the citizen is going "afield" because the machine that brought him to the city is going to be used by him, when he wakes up to a larger and better sense of himself as free to go out and build a free city. Machine power when *subjected* to man's use will enable him to be this better citizen in a better city in a better-developed country because he can no longer be conscripted either by or for the agencies now trying to keep him available as one.

Democracy may mean freedom for every citizen only if the machine is forced by him to go to work *for* him. Who can stop it from working for him if he so desires and should courageously so decide? The machine itself, though automatic, is involuntary. Automatically because it is what it is, it is working toward the revolution such decision will mean. Otherwise this great iron horse upon which the West rode to power—the industrial revolution—is not only a runaway but a stayaway.

To repeat: As centralization was the ideal of monarchy—major axis and minor axis—men compelled to revolve as closely as possible around an exalted common center (exploitation of the man unit). Democracy is the

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ideal of reintegrated decentralization—the reflex: many free units developing strength as they learn to function and grow together in spacious, mutual freedom.

Consider that monarchy has fallen. It fell because it magnified while at the same time it deliberately mortified the individuality that we, as a people, desired and now desire more than ever. As for our present system of so-called free enterprise? Well, if its beneficiaries should decide to persist in the present form of supercentralization, the system—its apex on the ground, base in the air—stands only to fall. It will fall for the same reason that monarchy fell and all despotism will surely fall, because electrified power and the mechanical forces employed in building our present mad world are already, by a law of diminishing returns (a law of nature), turning upon the peak of monarchic despotism—the old city. Hurrying fools driving production to still further extremity imagine they are still building it up!

Centripetal centralization, whether with us today as city, factory, school, or farm has not only the rising spirit of democracy—the freedom of the individual as an individual—to work against but, because of many obvious details (the traffic problem for instance), has also the enormous power of machine-age centralization setting in dead against it. Machine power is itself denying centralization now in spite of its present masters because it is in the nature of universal intercommunication and ubiquitous mobility that the big city spread out far away: spread thin, growing high and higher only as it goes outward, if higher at all. It is in the nature of the development of flying that the present city disappears to eventually reappear as a well-grounded, well-spread spaciousness. The capitalist city is safe no longer. As it stands, it is mass murder. Even if no bombs ever appeared.

By way of the survival of the citified city, capitalist centralization has had a big day but can never have a relatively long day. It is not dead yet as a matter of fact. But it is easy to see, now, that it is neither necessity nor luxury but harmful. So it must change or die. Universal automobilization of the human animal, ubiquity of thought; voice and vision penetrating walls; stride annihilating distance: these are making the present-day city as troublesome to free human life as static is to radio. What about the

time when these rapidly increasing factors of modernization become practically universal?

Already men get more satisfaction out of their vastly increased facility for lateral movement than ever before. Then, imagine a man's life in the next twenty-five years if he can keep out of war long enough or get enough out of war to let the machine do its work for him and for democracy?

Democracy? An integrated society of small units each of the high quality characteristic of genuine individuality. This, our own rational ideal of freedom, is practical. But only ours if the machine be taken well in hand by organic architecture and effectively used in the nature of materials according to organic law. Exaggerated commercial enterprises of today—the skyscraper their devil—have already gone so far out of human scale that humane and smaller units must be found effective upon the whole surface of the nation before we can see the humane results of decentralization everywhere on its way: the salvation of civilization, if we really do desire the free life of honest democracy and are willing to pay the price for it.

Then why not have done with exaggerated vertical lanes of elevator transport in the rank and file: transport impinging upon congested narrow horizontal lanes crowding in upon these narrow channels called “courts”; cutting in upon all desirable privacy. Why make more concessions to “authorized” makeshifts for light and air in either offices or habitations? No more towering concrete shelves with pigeonholes for human occupation; no more submission to crucial landlord expedients. All are serious human aggravation. The “traffic problem,” we know now, is a ruse that has no beneficent solution!

And see the propaganda in all this pressure, to be greedy rent. As for civic improvements usually proposed by “modernism”; privacy gained by hermetically sealed and blinded buildings; tiers of sidewalks, hot air circulating between two glass surfaces either opaque or transparent. That last expedient means to heat the inside and outside impartially—50-50—with no gratitude from the outside. And 1,000 people to the “hectare” (two and a half acres) is not looking very far ahead. That is just 997½ too many for anything other than fascism, communism, or state socialism.

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We are looking now at human life through more natural eyes, yearning for safety from the licensed mobocracy that the nation is calling democracy.

Common realty achieved by way of taxation of communal resources, as Henry George pointed out with complete logic, is entirely democratic. The "single tax" was only an expedient never intended as a complete solution of our land problem.

When economic liberation of land and money is made effective, none may say how far man's cultural liberation may go by the proper aesthetic uses of his own ground plus vast mechanical resources developed in the past century. And, by proper organic use of the new materials like steel and glass, all developed in the new spirit of an organic architecture, democracy will build with a beauty monarchy nor empire ever dreamed of building.

The interior discipline of trained imagination is not only needed for such good citizenship but is needed to adapt modern machines to higher uses in order to get the use and habit from them which would expand and enrich the quality of human life itself. The one must be natural to the other. This, too, is architecture.

But first of all we need a new idea of what constitutes success, and so we need a new idea of what constitutes luxury. Beauty must grow up naturally here among us: a native. Or no luxury is worthy. Developed machine power, decentralized, better distributed, and more directly and simply applied to better human purpose is the clear basis of any valid expression of social life in this century. Developed machine-age life (and luxury) must consist in appropriate use and the intelligent limitation of machinery in devising the new patterns inevitable to the new in the old: the old in the new. And then comes, with the universal margin of leisure, a far greater use and greater freedom for the individual than any known by previous civilizations—if the creative artist is in his place.

But why should we try to make life and buildings look hard like machines? Why try to breed and raise a tough mechanized nation by commercialized machinery? Why insist upon a tough profit-motive culture while confusing romance with sentimentality and so destroying both? Modern buildings themselves may have the clean lines and surfaces that a well-balanced machine has, but, before all, that is only the bare basis for

such beauty. It is merely negative, however novel at the moment the assertion of such negation. Power directly applied to purpose is the simple basis for all good building. But the spirit of man desires more than that because man's spirit *is* infinitely more.

It is not so much to have discovered that a single mechanical unit may be indefinitely repeated by machinery in construction or use, great economy though it is. It is far more important to realize that an infinite variety of appropriate form and scheme may result when these machine powers are placed in heads and hands guided by the creative imagination of a mind with a human heart.

Organic architecture has discovered and is proclaiming the fact that even severe standardization need be no bar to even greater freedom of self-expression than ever before known, if by "self-expression" we mean the fruits of genuine individuality and do not mean the mere personal idiosyncrasy of a general mobocracy. All our modern inventive discoveries are the Magna Charta of the new liberty into which the architect—if interior disciplined—may go by way of the machine to teach his own people not to foolishly rebuild but begin to build way beyond the old one, build a nation that is one great free city. Show them now how to go forward into a universal organic life. Yes—served by machinery, but only to good humane purpose. By this same new means the artifex himself will go forward to create buildings for the more natural life of the more natural men and women of a more natural city than the civilized Western world has yet known.

Unknown to most of our citizens, the more natural city is already being forced by circumstances upon us all. It is happening upon the very ground whereon we stand; it is being forced upon us by circumstances we fail to recognize as the advance agents of decentralization—they are so commonplace in our view.

Then why not this "inevitable" be directed? Qualified by learning the sympathetic, prophetic command of organic design? Architecture is as easily disguised as education as education may be disguised as architecture?

Only the shortsighted interests that overbuilt our cities would deny that these twentieth-century survivals of our own Renaissance imitations have become too costly wherever distribution and transport are concerned; a

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much too serious handicap in production; a terrible imposition upon all the parents and children of any aspiring family life. And in democracy the family holds within itself the very seeds of any culture that is native and has a future.

The tribulation of the skyscraper traffic problem, like the wasteful back-and-forth haul, is symptom not of urban success but of decay. It is sufficient evidence of waste and urban failure. Make good ground free, available to good uses. Subsidize traffic to the country and modify the terms of ownership to every man so that he has incentive to work and learn to make good use of the machine. That is all that will be necessary for the new city of decentralization to spread wide, grow strong, and be free. Otherwise no city will grow strong or free but is doomed to a life even more deformed.

What, then, is the thought working for the organic change that is true growth for the men and women of our democratic future?

WHAT THOUGHT IS URGE TO ACTION?

Well . . . certainly not the same thought that made our big cities a landlord's ruse or the triumph of ignorance for the impotent.

Certainly not as the exaggeration of an Old World survival that has so impoverished many a free agrarian area . . . made the people unhappy and turned good ground into a cinder heap, an exaggeration now offering them specious "relief" in government spending.

Certainly not that. Nor the same old survival of thought that turned America's youth into white-collarites and sent them to the city in search of a job . . . a job where at least one hand might be kept in the pocket, a cigarette hanging from the lip.

Nor the same old survival of thought that made out of an ancient Old World economic system this legalized "strong arm" for our own economic system: an arm that must weaken periodically to come down for a "rest" while all gravitate toward starvation in the midst of plenty, our economy ending in periodic national catastrophe. Depression!

Nor can we imagine it to be the survival that looked to authority and fought freedom by force, meantime making more arbitrary laws having no foundation whatever in ethics nor any basis in economic structure nor any structure at all, in the nature of character. True freedom by force is

WHAT THOUGHT IS URGE TO ACTION?

unthinkable! Only the senseless reiterations by political promise-merchants of falsehoods drifting again toward the same old impotence or impending cataclysm. Our own nation is reaching death by way of the centralizations of which all civilizations hitherto have died in agony. That fate can be only the result of such force as centralization is exercising upon us now.

History shows, with enough certainty, that force has not nor can never *organize* the growth of anything but hatred: shows that war is the epitome of all that is inorganic and never can end fear. War is no less the denial of organic civilization now than it ever was, however expedient we make it out to be as a clearing-house for fear or for political mistakes in handling overproduction by restricting distribution or for punishing a competitor. However afraid he might be, no man of creative conscience ever thought of war as other than crime and waste. Nor has any creative individual ever acted upon his own thought otherwise. But war is machinery necessary to present machine-age civilization if present money-trust machinery that dominates it is to survive.

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So many unworthy survivals of feudal thinking have made of our revivals of the renaissance city a conspiracy against all manlike freedom. Centralization is now a bad form of inevitable conscription. It is not only the form of conscription that wasted billions and murdered millions but it has made of American architecture a bad form of surface decoration: just as (a typical if minor instance of impotence) it offered for the fifth time, as progress, only the same old Columbian Fair in 1893, its face merely lifted, to mark "progress" in 1933. And in 1940 a repeat performance in New York City to call world-wide attention to our "greatness," when we were really impotent.

That same old thought, as we now see it planted in this era of the prevailing shopkeeper and seated in so many places of authority, unwittingly fixing its higher premiums upon the baser qualities of mankind. Special privileges in money-making and property-holding, held out by such authority as we know, lie always just ahead of the conscript. That thought has made of the man himself a cheap piece of speculative property by placing false premiums upon the activities of the wolf, the fox, and the rat in human form.

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A no less a piece of property than that Old World survival still continues to standardize the workman in behalf of a vast interlocking property system. But his employer, too, is really but another piece of property in behalf of a vast imposing property system. His employer is really another piece of property . . . higher up. Or else no employer and the prevailing survival of feudal thinking breaks the workman. The employer is, no less, the automatic conscript himself. He, too, is eventually broken.

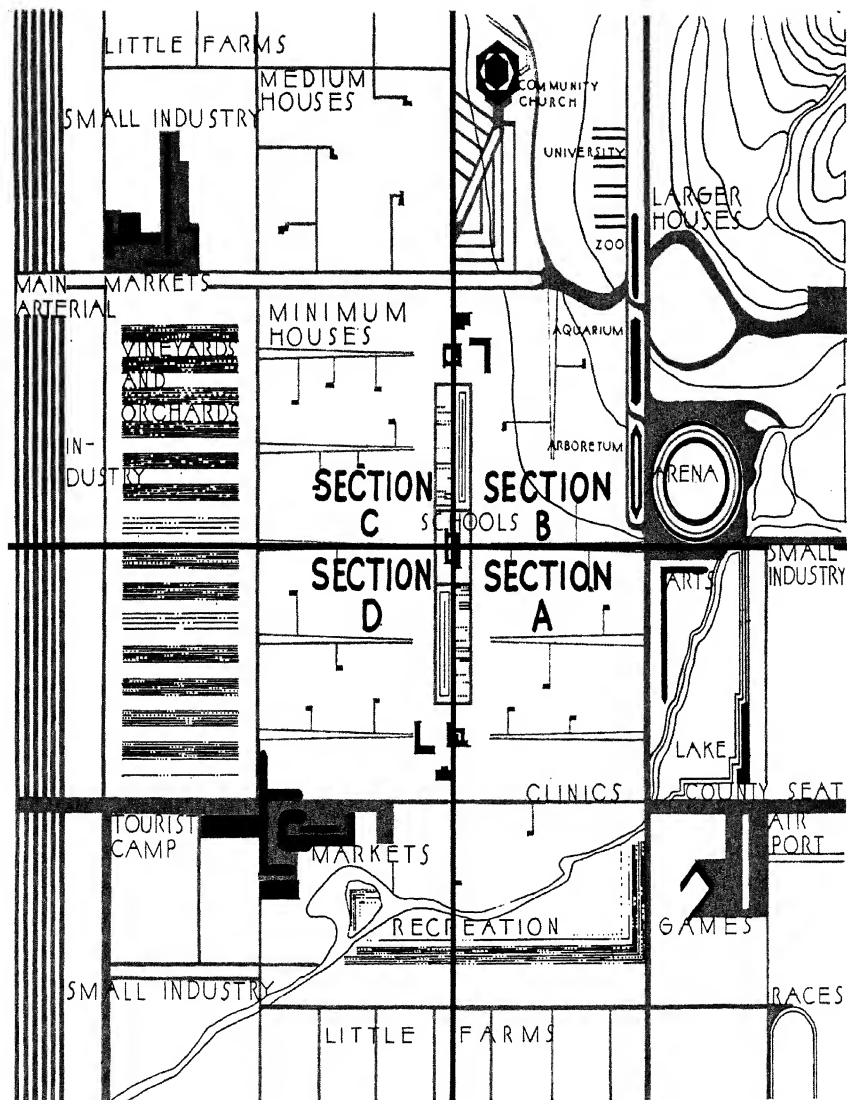
And the same old "survival" puts pressure upon the armchairs of our most extensive universities to deprive American youth of such individual independence of soul as they might have, turning young minds into empty toolboxes by throwing books at their heads without providing collateral experience. Yes, an American youth is a conscript in so much more than a mere military sense that militocracy became inevitable to him.

It is that "survival" which makes the banker what he is today: a wary, degrading, professional acquisitive. The very profit motive he banks upon and lives in puts convenient premiums upon the baser qualities of mankind. By banking on yesterday, he (the banker) is continually stalling or betraying tomorrow. But, observe, he alone among us is not conscript!

That same old hangover has immured men in the same old man-trap, to arrive at perihelion. The city skyscraper is bedlam. We have been calling the old city a survival, but it is really a monstrous grindstone gradually emasculating the man himself to the character and human consistency of whatever else is machine-made.

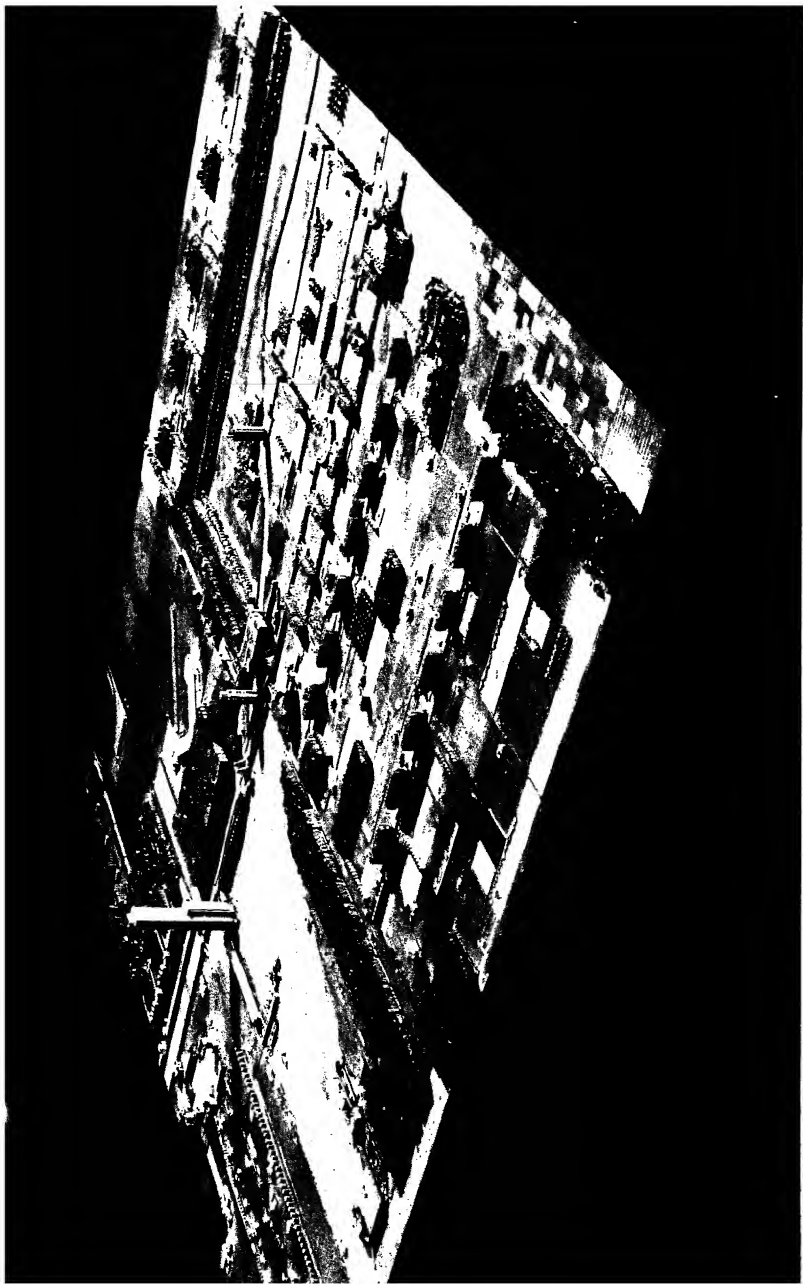
Nevertheless, all the more is it true that machine power can have no meaning, except to help make a man instead of a conscript and set him free from all conscription.

The same old "survival" is, simply, this: human belief in the idea that authority plus money can rule the world: the belief that everything or anything at all worth a real man's time may be made to happen by legal or military or money power. Or the belief that culture can ever be more than the result of some preconceived, imposed, *external* idea of form. Our tragedy is that it is upon these confused and confusing survivals of the so-called classical (monarchic) externality which characterized earlier pagan civilizations that we have nurtured our youth so foolishly, vainly imagining that we were breeding citizens for democracy. In fact, we have patterned our chief institutions of the "higher" learning upon many an inglorious an-

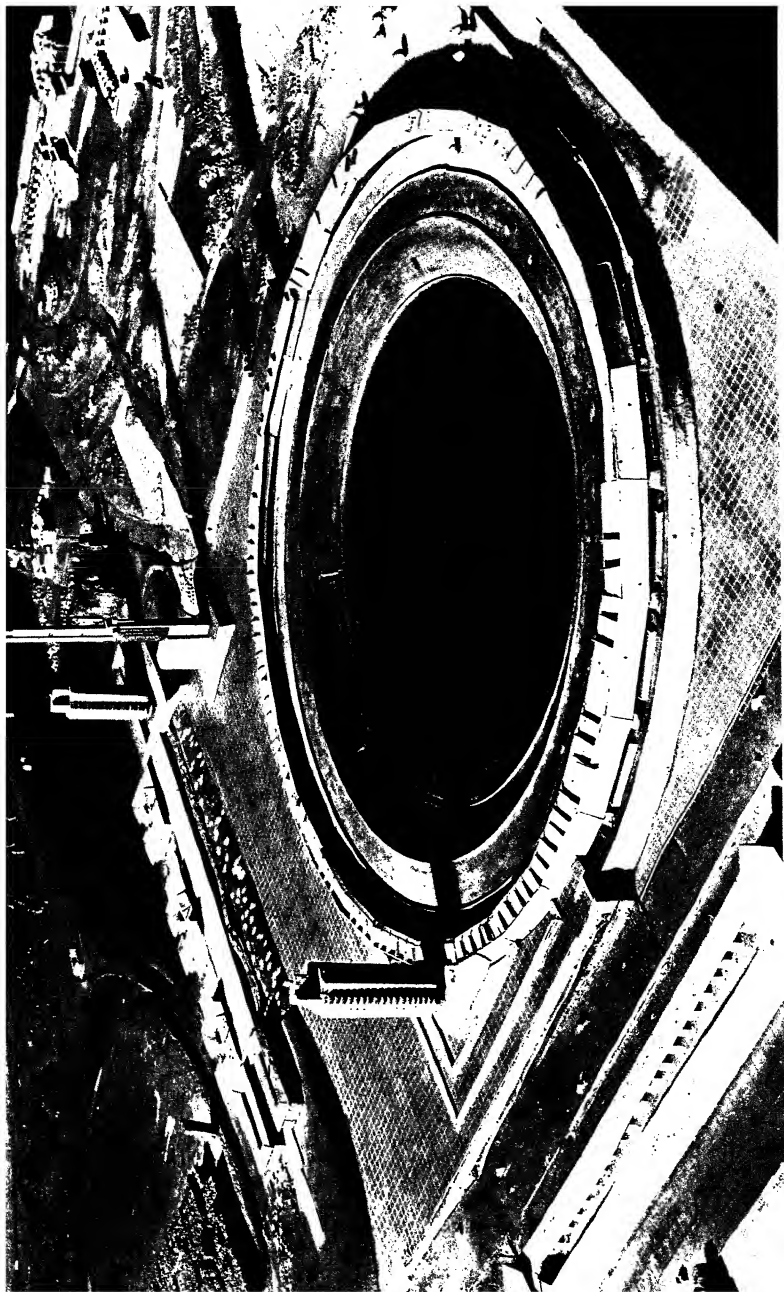


Photographs in this section were made by Roy E. Petersen, Racine, Wisconsin

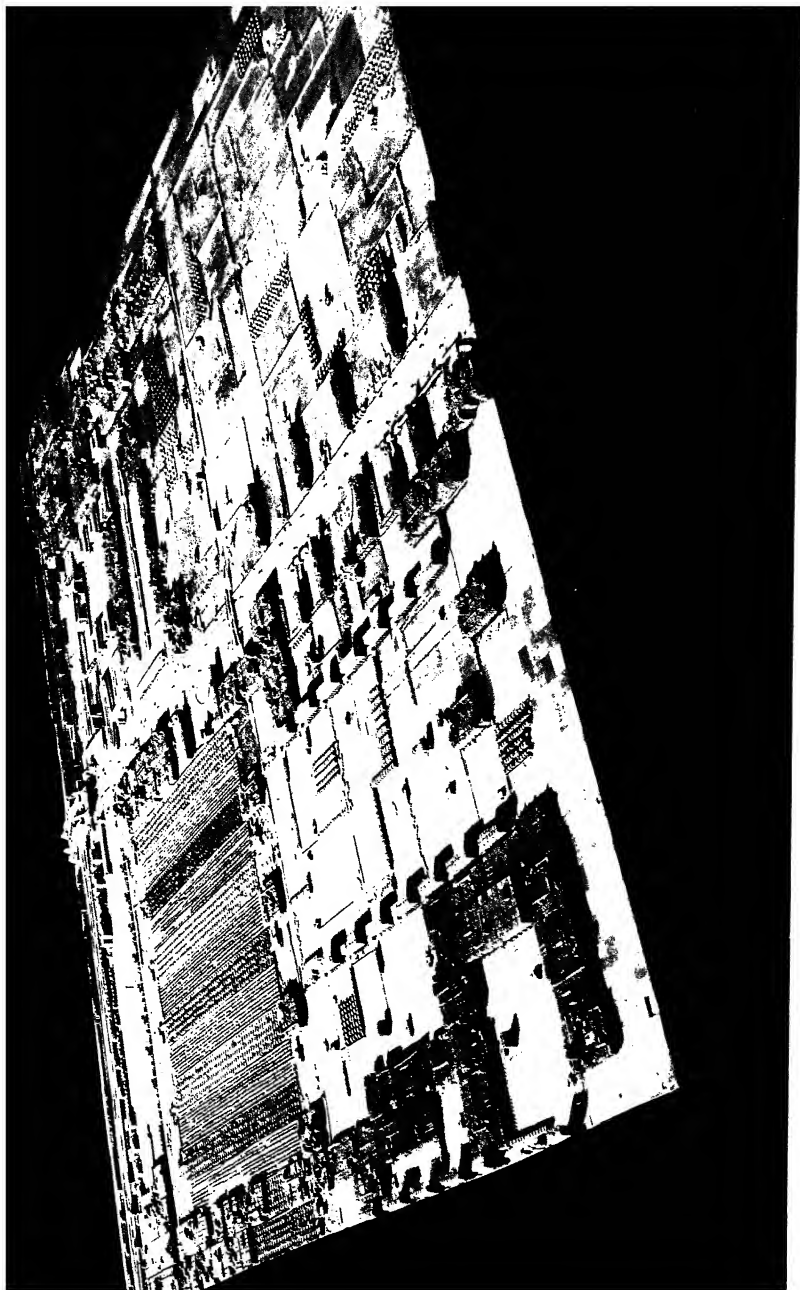
GENERAL PLAN OF BROADACRES. FOUR SECTIONS, EACH QUARTER-SECTION ONE MILE SQUARE. SECTION TAKEN AT A TYPICAL COUNTY SEAT



SECTION A. VIEW OF CIVIC CENTER WITH NEIGHBORHOOD PARK AND ACREAGE FARMS TO THE RIGHT



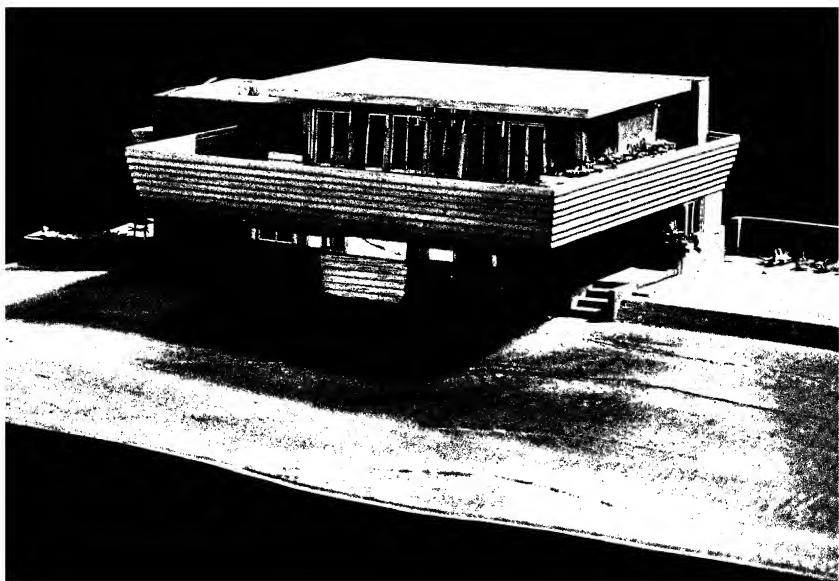
SECTION B. THE CIRCUS FOR COUNTY FAIRS AND PAGEANTRY; TRANSIENTS' HOTEL BEYOND; SANITARIUM TO THE RIGHT; MONUMENTAL POLE ANNOUNCING FESTIVALS



SECTION C. LOOKING OVER LITTLE FARMS TO TRANSPORT LINES AND AEROFIELDS—WAYSIDE MARKET AND FACTORIES IN RIGHT-HAND CORNER

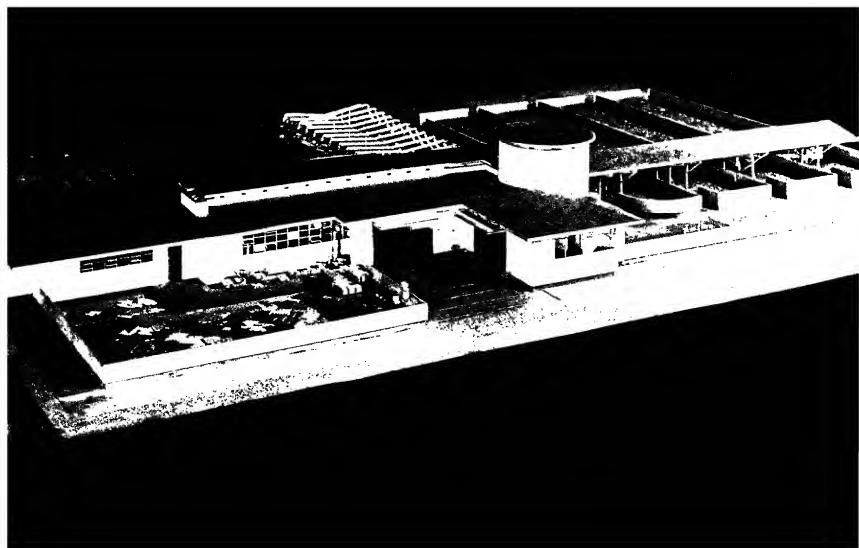


SECTION D. THE ROADSIDE MARKET. TEXTURED BLOCK MASSES INDICATE FOREST AREAS HELD FOR FUTURE DEVELOPMENT. TREE-CROPS SHARED BY THE COMMUNITY. LAND THUS RESERVED TO GO INTO CULTIVATION AS REQUIRED BY GROWTH OF THE POPULATION



A TYPICAL DWELLING FOR LITTLE FARMS

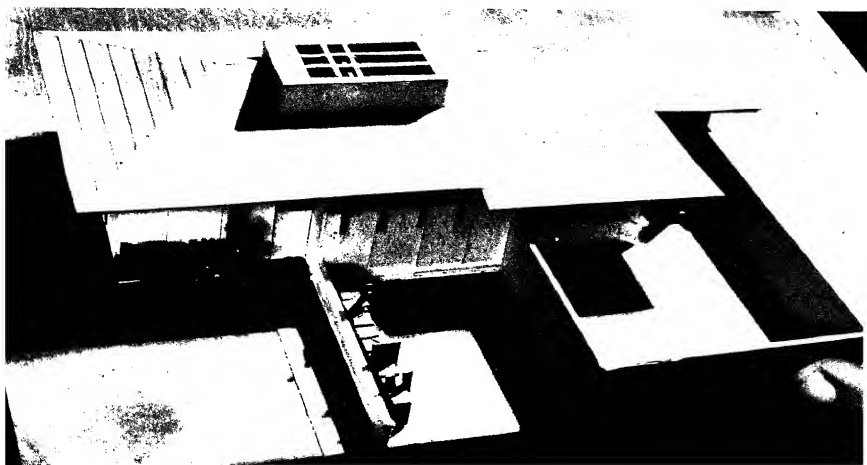
THE FIREPROOF MODERN FARM BUILDING FOR ACREAGE FARMS

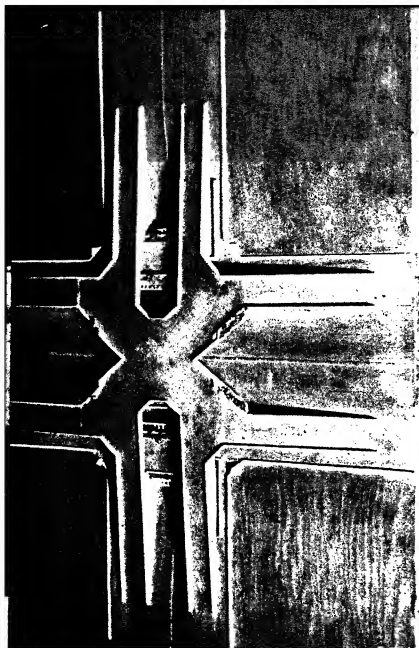
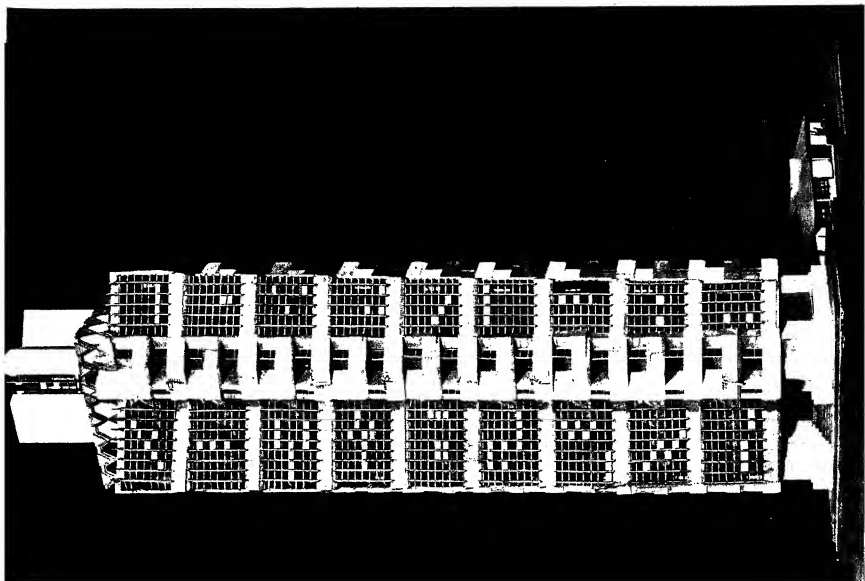




TYPICAL HOME FOR SLOPING GROUND

TYPICAL FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR HOME (PREFABRICATION)





ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES OF BROADACRE'S MAIN ROADS—UNINTERRUPTED TRAFFIC FOUR WAYS AS WELL AS SAFE FOOT PASSAGE FOUR WAYS

TYPICAL ACCOMMODATION FOR THE CITY-DWELLER AS YET UNLEARNED WHERE GROUND IS CONCERNED. FIFTEEN-HUNDRED-DOLLAR COTTAGE OF LITTLE FARMS AT FOOT

tithesis of democracy. From survival to survival and again to survival, we have derived the present arrogant substitute for culture, and we are not only trying to apply it on the sterile surfaces of our brittle success but are now trying to force the world to take it. Or else. Inorganic, all! All, and not too soon, a form of death! The concentrations within the city, the unceasing merciless commercial gambles by "the interests" upon the future survival of the renaissance city, have left the people of the United States unqualified; immured in insignificant environment, living there without the profound joy of the indigenous culture created by a nation for itself. Goods where grass ought to be—grass where goods should be.

ORGANIC ARCHITECTURE

Call organic architecture the architecture of and for the individual as distinguished from the pseudo-classic order of the schools, which was mainly derived from survival of the military and monarchic order. Or that later attempt at elimination and reclassification grafted upon it and called the "international style," or, as distinguished from any preconceived, pertinent or impertinent, formula for mere appearances. Whatsoever.

Organic architecture is architecture in the reflex: architecture that seeks to serve man rather than to become or be becoming to one of those forces that try to rule over him. Another reason why we say organic architecture is the architecture of democracy.

In any true concept of organic architecture, style is the expression of character. There is no longer any question of "styles." Essential style is in, and of, all building provided only that style be naturally achieved from within the nature of the building problem itself and be found within the very means by which the building is built. Character is the expression of principle at work from within. It is in this interior sense only that the free city will have style. But it will have great style all the while as something natural, not as something exterior forced, either in its structure or upon its people, by any exterior discipline whatever or ruled by reclassification and establishment according to antique classic externals. Architecture and acreage will again be seen together as landscape, as has the best architecture of the world been seen: that is to say, the great architectures which arose within the lifetime of the civilizations which they did actually express.

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS

If as a people we understood the eternal principles of our own human nature and we were to use our current industrial machines and vast stores of new materials to good advantage, use them all according to a faithful sense of their fitness to purpose, we should inevitably arrive at forms and a life that had true style. And perhaps (though we need not bother much about that) arrive at what, looked back upon in distance of time, might be the twentieth-century Usonian style. But if that should ever come to pass, it would not come by calculated intention but by honest production and long-continued experiment. Style is a desirable circumstance, but *a* style is, always, the death of Style.

Organic architecture, perhaps because it is chiefly concerned with integrity of structure, first grasped the integrity of this modern demand of modern life for new and a higher spiritual order of things and living persons. Perhaps only the mind imbued with deeper sense of structure can perceive this fine integrity as a fundamental necessity, demanding (and creating) the more livable and gracious human simplicities: perceive anew these simples which were never necessary to such academic substitutes-for-culture as bear the authorized hallmark of these United States.

While the new, enlarged means of today only dam the life-blood and emasculate the manhood of this nation, we need to think of all this and keep on thinking. But if these same mechanical means were now used with intelligent self-interest to increase the spaciousness, graciousness, and happiness of human living on human earth: if they were intelligently used to back up the enlarged sense and appropriate uses of space in our modern life that are good architecture, they would automatically enable the free city to be realized. And if, by appropriate scientific use of the new space-scale as a time-scale, you can see the extended highway as the horizontal line of Usonian freedom expanding consistently everywhere, then you will see something of the modern Usonian city that is approaching you whether you like it or not.

If you can see the design of the farm itself (little or big) in its true relation to adjoining farms and to you; if you see the sizes and shapes of fields all well laid out in good proportion each to each and to one and all—and can see the whole man-built occupation adapted to natural contours—tillage itself becoming a charming feature of the landscape; hedgeways, ravines, and waterways themselves becoming boundaries. If you can see all this

completely rhythmic in relation to well-considered buildings; all related to well-placed roads. If you can see "*horizontal farming*" contour plowing, properly applied to crops, pastures, animals, and all such well related to the people; if you can see the varied, various parts contributing to a great dramatic whole in which you sense the repose of contentment and the exuberance of plenty—aesthetic, truly, in the over-all view from where you stand: well—then you are getting a glimpse of the country-loving life of the Usonian city of our democratic future. The culture of the nation our forefathers had some right to expect of what they were pleased to call democracy.

And you will see the people of this future Usonian countryside hating, more than all beside, waste or any exaggeration of any human power. You will see a whole people suspicious of any too easy opportunity to live by the life vicarious that is everywhere now being forced upon human beings by the mechanical reiterations of rent: exaggerations more and more empty of all human significance.

Broadacre buildings would naturally be adapted to the lives of people who would no longer build or consent to live in the prettified cavern or take any pleasure at all in any glorified cave, however "stylized." Improved conditions of life would naturally not only make such buildings dated as ignorant expedients but see them as a serious impediment. So in the free city here in the Usonian countryside we should see manhood seeking *organic* simplicity in everything; workmen learning to see that simplicity is actually the fine countenance of principle no less in this machine age than in ancient times—rather more. Yes, and how much more necessary to life only an architect can well say.

As for a growing organic architecture, it sees itself new and yet ages old—simplicity by way of simples growing up out of the free citizen's devotion to his own ground: sees the citizen standing free at will in universal sunlight. And then he will see a building as no box or boxment, nor any burrow or boastful tower whatever in any servile city. When the citizen (now immured) glimpses greater opportunity to live his own life with his family—really free—he is already on his way to Broadacres City, the city democracy will build. He will be there, not in spite of himself, but because of himself as himself.

Then, is it not good sense to give organic direction to otherwise inor-

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ganic blind forces that, notwithstanding our ignorance, are compelling a man to go where he has a better chance for life; go where he finds the liberty promised him, by charter, for his pursuit of happiness?

Organic architecture is modern architecture, yes. But it is also essential structure of the timeless sort. It is no less the structure of whatever is Music, Poetry, or Painting—or whatever else man's interior sensibilities may thrive upon when disciplined from within by the appropriate organic ideal. And such architecture must see all civic life in terms of human economic freedom, recognizing free ground as the basis of the free city. The "modernistic" cannot do so. The "istic" and the ism are in two dimensions only. Both are on the surface of things and content with that if only all photographs well.

Wherever building is sensibly modern, superwalls as solid walls are vanishing with their black shadows.

Heavy bulks of building material fashioned as hollowed-out caves to live in ("the classic") are disappearing. They belong back with the fortifications that protected the might of feudal estates. They are now invitations to destruction. Fortifications in our day no longer fortify. Fortification is dead.

No free man in modern America needs to box up or hole in for protection any more in any building or needs to dive into his burrow in any city. Danger is there. Security in every sense is best found in the new free spacing and integral construction of scientific decentralization.

Our country, notwithstanding the status quo of vested interests, is, at heart, gradually becoming a little more free in spirit. Our democratic ideal must go on with this increase in the deeper feeling of the popular heart until it reaches the intelligence of the popular head and makes it universal intelligence. I see our resources in machine power and inexhaustible material working voluntarily to make economic democracy not only actual but inevitable to these United States. What need, then, have we for master or slave? For a dictator or the conscript? However each may be disguised by the clever uses of English. Or for lord and serf? Where is need for more expensive, expanded re-imitation of the imitations of ancient feudal masonry defenses by whatever name interests, cultural or economic, choose to call them? For what purpose may they still be thought

appropriate protection for vaulting money power? That façade is already on sand, rapidly shifting to somewhere downshore and out of our sight.

When the great, modern circumstance of genuine democracy triumphs in our great nation, no man will longer live as the savage animal, holed in when and where he might. Withstanding all passing dangers, the man may then live as the free human biped which the best of him, the wanderer, always dreamed of being: live alive; as noble original leaders of our social experiment declared he should live in spite of the commitments to property they then made, the full consequences of which they could not foresee.

For us today organic architecture reinterprets and can construct—an eternal human freedom. So today architecture naturally seeks spaciousness, openness, lightness, and strength so completely balanced and logical that it is bound to scatter the servile imitation disgracing us; take all urban stricture and urban depravity first into the regional field and then—the case with all inadvertent disease—absorb and regenerate the tissue poisoned by superfluous urbanism in the circulation of the healthy body politic that is bound to be the whole country properly circumstanced and integrated as one great city—Usonia.

Modern gifts—glass, steel in tension—gifts of steam, of electromagnetic science, chemistry of new atomic alchemy; these, and more, began a new era. Soon we will recognize its real significance—and begin to use our own gifts in the light of profound ever new organic principles; the ever new ethics of right and wrong according to the ever old organic law which teaches that we may hammer heated iron but cannot hammer a stick of dynamite! Wholly new ideas of form are coming to our rescue, relief, and joy. So simple and fundamental are the forces which lie beneath and above the natural agencies of this new freedom for all mankind and for which we, more than ever, will learn to yearn. If the citizen will reach out to these, take them as they are for what they are, they are his own merely for the taking.

Facility to roam the sky or cover vast stretches of ground, live with perfect freedom of communication relating him to all the world, his feet on his own ground when he so pleases, and in his heart all love of ground and country should still mean to a free man—well, all is possible to the citizen as he now stands if only he will have faith in himself and go forward.

Where, then, is the citizen economically and spiritually?

THE HUMAN VALUES OF DEMOCRACY

Organic architecture knows architectural values as human values. All are true not only to nature but as true to humanity as nature or not valuable! So a good modern building is organic integration rising as the needed organic city will rise, enemy to all forms of imitation or centralization imposing or impinging upon manhood. Neither building nor city is longer to be tolerated as stricture. Buildings, like people, are sun children, sun growth from the ground, sun acceptance, or they are not organic. Both building and city may be more truly defense against time, against the elements, or against an enemy than they ever were before in all history.

Architecture will again be true shield for whatever aspiration, glory, or privacy humanity desires. But only now is it true that architecture may be the indestructible machine-made fabric of light, metals woven in webs of turquoise, blue, green, gold, and silver, or the deep hues of the kiln or of bronze; or the building be visible in native nature materials and still be no less the integral pattern of a varied free life for a people interwoven with and commanding every site with special purpose.

But, if organic architecture is to function thus for mankind, good ground must be made available to the man on some fair basis and be legally considered an element having intrinsic value that must be as free to men as other elements. Once emancipated from the tyranny of the lucky-lot area, absentee landlord, money lord, machine lord, and similar impositions, the city building in the building of the city will stand free in greenery or lie long, flowing lazily and low on the level or stretching along the ledges of the hills, one with them. Now any building, public, private, or industrial, may be this tall shaft or a streak of light in the countryside enmeshed in metal strands as music is made of notes. What is any building without intimate relationship to the ground it stands upon? As a great beauty, a fine building is necessarily a great integrity of the life it was directly built to serve? No more man-traps for some avaricious landlord's ruse. To imprison life on shelves above crowds on hard pavements is nothing for organic architecture.

As life itself cannot, so organic architecture can no longer allow man to stumble blindly along sunk in his past, as yet unaware of the nature of the malevolent forces that ruin his living present for that past; unaware even

of the fact that these now destructive forces have started up all around him, waiting for him, in this new era, to destroy or upbuild himself in this awakening age by the more sentient use of all machine power—money power of vicarious living.

Why must the status quo of a citizen continue to be some stupid belief on a par with "patriotism" (misnamed loyalty) in some sentimentalized, outlived academic substitutes for culture: a belief that must result for him in continuing only too long, the sinister afterglow of feudalism his city has become? Why must he, the new pioneer now on the new frontier, longer mistake that setting sun of the Renaissance for sunrise?

And why must his majesty—the American citizen—go along today with any commercial interests whatsoever, knowing full well, as he must know, that, unwittingly or not, they have betrayed life in their own image by reducing all to a false, sentimentalized abuse of what is noble in all tradition? Must the citizen, to be good, still insist on practicing petty traditions that only turn him wrong end about as a manly Man and reduce him to his present level—a conscript?

As loves must die that love may live so organic architecture has learned that so very many minor traditions must die in order that great tradition may live. And the democracy of a people facing this momentous fact will actually come alive for us and build.

The vital principles of organic architecture are the simple principles of *entity*: of life itself. Just as no house built on makeshift foundations can stand, so buildings built for a life set up on makeshift character in a makeshift country in a makeshift way can only last too long.

Such necessity a virtue? Then what is weakness? Good and lasting architecture concedes the right to all to live abundantly in exuberance that is beauty—in the sense that William Blake defined "exuberance." He did not mean excess or any form of exaggeration. He meant *according to Nature without stint*.

Good and liberal democratic philosophy yields that right to all. But the only secure foundation for any such life is character which understandingly accepts, not merely apes nor for fear of the police assumes, any merely *expedient* relation between the welfare of the one and the welfare of the whole. In a democracy personal life must be of such quality as can be educated to proceed from general principles to particulars: able to discern

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and stand by the practical instead of yielding to the expedient and able to know with surer mind the difference between the curious and the beautiful.

Civilized architect, civilized architecture, and the future civilian of Usonia are naturally modern or all miserable failures. Because life itself is a continually changing insistence upon modernity! Fresh, vital forms are continually needed to contain or express organic changes in our lives sincerely, without waste, loving beauty.

Once again: *all architectural values are human values, or not valuable.* Human values are always life-giving, never life-taking.

THE LEGACY WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE PAST

WE ARE all parasites whether we like it or not, whether we work or do not work. But the bodies *we* prey upon are nature and the past. The forces which we have harmed in this machine age are the forces of nature. They have so increased production as to have made poverty anachronism in fact. The income of rich and poor added together cannot begin to buy the goods at anything like the rate at which they can be produced. But human labor, considered by itself, is really less productive now than in the past.

It is only as heirs of civilization, then, that we are entitled to a living if we are displaced by machinery. It is absurd to desire to compete against fertility of mind and resource engaged in devising labor-saving schemes and appliances. The important thing is to digest these energies so that men are set free by them for other tasks—more important: enjoyments no longer directly concerned with “making a living.”

No man should be time-bound. Nor should any man be a slave to or for a living. A man should do, in the main, what he really wants to do. *That* really is the legacy we have received from the past which is valid. Only under genuine democracy can we collect this legacy.

BROADACRE CITY

We are going to call our legacy from the past “Broadacre City.” This, the greater free city for the individual, simply because it is broadly based upon the minimum spacing of an acre (or several) to the individual. But, more important, because when democracy builds—this is also the natural city of the reflex: democracy.

Our present multiplicity of systems, schemes, especially the 57 varieties in

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architecture, have become so completely the expedient as to be too often mistaken for civilization itself. And maybe that characteristic, too much beloved, mistake will hang over in Usonia to indefinitely postpone any free city of democracy and whatsoever for at least several generations yet to come.

And yet the free city we are considering as squarely in the law of change is already in the making all about us. Even in us—as we are. The old order is breaking anew, whether we subscribe to it or we do not.

The capitalism, net, of our nation is rank individualism. It produces either isolationist or meddler. Partisanship, too, is rife. No true product nor is it nourishment for true individuality. Such eclecticism as this nation knows are mere idiosyncrasy of personality resulting not in the individuality of democracy but only in mobocracy. Personality, as such, by corruption of taste and the misunderstanding of the word “democracy” itself, has got in the way of this great integrity. The integrity that is really individuality. Especially so in the miseducated mind of today, its “morals” properly sterilized by academic training. On account of resultant, false *à la mode* façades, we the people are everywhere the prey of the propaganda of the academic professional culturemonger, himself far too “personal.” And, credulous as we are, we now stand in danger of not only losing our only chance at the free life which our charter of liberty held out to us originally but we are still calling the mistake “democracy” instead of honestly calling it the gangsterism of mobocracy. Democracy is the very gospel of individuality, or else call it entirely something else. The gangsterism of bureaucratic mobocracy is the enemy of every true democratic instinct.

Concerning the probable academic attitude of authority toward such freedom as Broadacres proposes: we have had prohibition because a few fools could not carry their liquor; Russia had communism because a few fools could not carry their power; and now democracy has a swollen privatism of license instead of a true individuality because a few fools could not carry their success. And so in behind the money-making we must go on making money to secure power if we want power. We must go into the money trust.

And if, instead of the organic architecture of Broadacre City in America we are to continue to have a mere styles formula retained as architecture,

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it will be because so many money-makers have neither the wit, imagination, nor integrity to discriminate between personality, the exterior, and the interior, which is individuality.

If we continue to overgrow our present cities, it, too, will be because too many fool-capitalists are content to be dangerous fools. It is their "power" that constitutes their own (and our own) danger.

Through adventitious wealth gained by exploiting natural resources by the mechanical leverage of the machine now virtually owned by the pseudo-capitalist and his satellites, the yes-men, this modern overgrown city is here with us to be dealt with now: is a monster dam piled up across the great stream of humanity flowing toward democratic economic freedom. It is here now as the first, the middle, and, is it vain to hope, the last hangover from feudal times? Right now, in this hangover, hangs omnipresent disaster to our national life.

But, as I plan, I see clearly that worthy democratic life must lie before us, if at all, in some such planning as you may find, if you will, in these Broadacre studies of freedom: this vision of a free-city-that-is-a-nation—the city that is nowhere unless everywhere.

ARCHITECTURE AND ACREAGE ARE LANDSCAPE

Architectural features of true democratic ground-freedom would rise naturally from topography; which means that buildings would all take on the nature and character of the ground on which in endless variety they would stand and be component part. And, wherever possible, be integral, organic features.

Therefore, no two districts of the city could ever be precisely alike except as the new city might spread to some featureless plain which, too, has a certain natural beauty of its own, and might well bear repetitions of the appropriate patterns then characteristic of tillage and forestation. Broadacres would be so built in sympathy with nature that a deep feeling for the beauty of the terrain would be a fundamental qualification in the new city-builders. They would be seeking for beauty of feature in the landscape not so much to build *upon* as to build *with*. Endless unity-in-variety would thus become inevitable. Indigenous character would be as inevitable. Both endless variety and indigenous character would be the inevitable

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effect of terrain and individuality coming together, and a naturally varied topography would naturally vary all forms of organic architecture wherever they might arise naturally.

Perception and planning that are organic would be qualified to so organize all features of construction and design as to make the physical body of this machine age a harmonious entity. And organic architecture is no less the essential structure of painting, sculpture, and music, because it is, by its very nature, fundamentally and spiritually awake to the uses and great purposes of all the arts of a civilization. Inevitably, it is the great mother-art. In principle it is the essential basis, philosophy, and structure of them all! Therefore, architecture will still live as it ever lived—the *great final proof of quality in any civilization whatsoever*.

So, from economic basis to great buildings and good government, the various features of the free city which we have now reached and are about to describe in detail are primarily architecture. From great road systems which are natural veins and arteries of the great city to the various buildings that are its cellular tissue; to parks and gardens that are its pleasure places, its smile; to factories and fields that are its subsistence and health, this new city of democracy—Broadacres—would be great architecture.

Were true democracy actually here, the entire native scene would soon become the natural expression of a better nature of modern man himself; would again prophesy and secure his continuous growth here on earth. This *native* abundance in which he stands would be his reward for the intelligent use and wise restraint of this now gigantic engine-of-leverage and slavery—the machine. Our civilization might be eternal instead of, now, on the way to join the great rubbish heaps of civilization history catalogues if this old man-light would dawn afresh for us.

The good ground should determine the fundamental shape, even the style, of every building, road, or institution in the city. To see where the ground leaves off and the building begins would require careful attention. But this proper “ground-motive,” once established in general practice, variety in unity would be infinite. The ideal of organic unity thus held firmly in mind, the architect would himself gradually become more equal to vast opportunities. The ever growing intelligence of the artifex together with a universal desire for a whole life for everyone, all free to grow—these

impulses would make of the new city into which the old one will gradually disappear a great work of art. Petty partitions of property, wilful deformations of natural beauty by utilities, the perpetual defacements in the name of sordid self-interest everywhere so irritating would no longer be possible. Unpardonable crimes against the landscape of so-called "utilities service" and conscienceless advertising of goods and chattels along the roads by universal shopkeeping disappear. Mankind would go on a more normal way, without mechanical screams, sobs, roars, shrieks, or smoke! . . . no longer perpetually endangered. No more glaring abortionists would be free to set up or set down their work by the wayside to blind the desired eye, while garish posters fight it out with each other to sell the helpless passer-by anything and everything that can be posted or imagined. And as much more that should never be.

Naturally enough, the railroad rights-of-way all belong to the people. Their operation is another matter. Eventually, the rights-of-way are the most desirable possession of the free city, because, as great traffic lanes, they may be turned over to fluid, undated traffic of all kinds. Various streams of continuous traffic—both local and long-distance passenger and freight, bus travel and local trucking—all should be placed upon these popular rights-of-way.

Like many another established custom now to become proper feature of the new city, the railroad rights-of-way need comparatively little reconstruction except the new type of equipment inevitable if for no other reason than that the present far too cumbrous one is already obsolescent.

THE USONIAN VISION

Imagine, now, spacious, well-landscaped highways, grade crossings eliminated by a new kind of integrated by-passing or over- or under-passing all traffic in cultivated or living areas: these great highways devoid of ugly scaffolding, telegraph and telephone poles and wires, free of glaring billboards, and free especially from ugly fencing—ditching and hedging now taking its place. Imagine these great highways of generous safe width and always easy grade, bright with wayside flowers or cool with shade trees, joined at intervals with modern aer-rotor fields from which self-contained mechanical units—safe, noiseless transport planes, radio-

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controlled carrying neither engines nor fuel—take off from convenient stations and land anywhere. Giant roads, themselves great architecture, pass public service stations now no longer eyesores but expanded as good architecture to include all kinds of roadside service for the traveler, charm and comfort throughout. These great roads unite and separate, separate and unite, in endless series of diversified units passing by farm units, roadside markets, garden schools, dwelling places, each on its acres of individually adorned and cultivated ground, developed homes all places for pleasure in work or leisure. And imagine man-units so arranged and integrated each to the other that every citizen as he chooses may have all forms of production, distribution, self-improvement, enjoyment, within the radius of, say, ten to twenty miles of his own home. And speedily available by means of his private car or plane or public conveyance. This integrated distribution of living related to ground composes the great city that I see embracing this country. This would be the Broadacre City of tomorrow that is the nation. Democracy realized.

Then, when every man, woman, and child may put his feet on his own acre and every unborn child finds his acre waiting for him when he is born—then, by way of organic education, organic architecture becomes the greatest servant of man in modern times. Great architects will develop to create appropriate buildings not only in harmony with greenery and ground but intimate with the pattern of the personal life of the individual owner of the ground. No two homes, no two gardens, none of the farm units of one—to two, three—to ten acres or more; no two farmsteads or factory buildings or markets need be alike. Nor would any be ugly. Because absurd “styles” were no longer fashionable, style would flourish everywhere. Style would be indigenous.

Strong but light and appropriate houses, spacious convenient workplaces to which all would be tributary, each item would be solidly and sympathetically built out of materials native to Time, Place, and Man. Building construction would be so designed as to take full advantage of the nature of the ground. Farmers and factory workers in the new city would work in environment no less superior than they would live in in their homes. All would live within walking distance from work or pleasures and live a short ride, in time, away from the now interesting, attractive factories. Smokeless, of course, and noiseless. Of course. No longer the farmer

envying the urban dweller his mechanical improvements while the latter in turn covets the farmer's green pastures.

Normally each factory, farm, or dwelling would be within a ten-mile radius of vast, variegated wayside fresh-food and manufacturers' markets so that each might serve the other units simply and effectively, all directly serving population living or working in its particular neighborhood. No need would exist for futile racing to and from a common center, tired out but racing back and forth again. No more stalling of time and crucifying of life just to keep things congested and "big" for the pacing of some money-maker's patent money-making system eventuating into the present money trust. Instead of big fixations a multiplicity of fluid units.

Without fresh air, fresh food, sunlight, good green land underfoot, and appropriate spaciousness everywhere, human life cannot develop. No, nor even go on living! Recognizing these facts as we are all beginning to do, all except the banker and the university, Usonian home life will not eliminate the gadgetry of modern comforts, and yet, it will come back to keep alive the ageless health-giving comforts which are due to ground. Modern steel, glass, and the plastics will be sensibly called upon to rationally fulfil their natural uses. Steel for strength, durability, and lightness; translucent glass inclosing interior space to give privacy and yet make of living in any Usonian house a delightful association with light; sun, sky, surrounding gardens. Yes, and the neighbors. The home should be an outdoor garden; the garden an outdoor home.

Tall buildings need not be barred. But, forever leaving all interior walled courts, they would be impelled to stand free of neighbors in small green parks or in the countryside in natural parks, where desirable. "Co-operative" apartment houses might be erected for immured but untrained urbanites desiring the beauty of the country but yet unable to participate in creating it. Apartment houses, say eighteen stories tall, tier on tier of glass used as screen-walls, golden with sun on the shining steel of copper-sheathed frames, each tier with its flower- and vine-festooned balcony terraces. Such tall buildings would stand in iridescence of vivid color in the landscape, set up in spacious blossoming grounds in the midst of a neighborhood of varied activities all similarly independent—*each presentable to all!*

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Now, when any man is content to build for himself by taking away from others the natural rights to life, light, breadth, and space to move in freely, the result is always some monstrosity like the typical mercantile success—the American skyscraper. That anachronism stands for a while in the better parts of the usual business slum, casting the black shadows always formed and maintained by its own greed: casting this shadow on the ground only to eventually find that even a skyscraper is dependent upon its neighbor's success and must fall with its neighbor's failures.

What life has this inhumane toll-gatherer, this monstrous man-trap raised so high, to give? What has its success to give any worth-while citizen now that the motorcar can no longer stand at the door and while “out there” are the great hard-road systems of the country beckoning the erstwhile tenant to freedom where not only his motor may stand at his door but where near by him, or as he goes, he has everything he needs to live a useful and happy life?

Human voice and vision are everywhere annihilating distance, penetrating solid walls. The citizen wherever he goes (even as he goes) has information and entertainment. He would then be within reach of the general and immediate distribution of everything he needs to have or to know. Anything he may require is becoming not only more worthy but convenient to him wherever he may choose to make his home.

I see this modern house of his “way out there” as more than a sanitary convenience, too. Wherever the citizen wants to be, I see his house produced by the factory going to the house and not by the house going to the factory—his dwelling produced economically as his motorcar. By devotion to machinery a few hours a day he can get the house. But wherever his house stands it will be an attractive harmonious feature of his life and the landscape. I see the factory he leaves his home to go to work in, so subdivided and operated in convenient proportions that it is an equally attractive feature not far away from the worker's home, as becoming to the countryside as the civic center or any church. The time and money white-collarites used to spend going to and fro from the city, always a senseless, wasteful to-and-fro, I see usefully spent in the diversified colorful activities of a widening margin of happy leisure in their more appropriate homes. I see these comfortable, spreading characteristic homes-places where families can play and work, the small farms of the industrial workers not so far

from the many small diversified farm units but that they, too, can bring their products to highway wayside markets, which citizens continually pass, picking up food fresh every hour. And I see the clients of every kind of professional coming from far and near to the professional's own small clinic beside his own house on his own home ground. I see the modern motorcar as no longer a stupid compromise with the horse and buggy. I see it distinguished as a swift *machine*—simplified and humanized.

I see the arts and crafts of eager, growing work-life conveniently established where and as willed, in the homes, shops, and workshops of craftsmen—everyone of them with his own car or aer-rotor in addition to regular, fast public transport.

I see "going places" becoming a genuine luxury; real enlightened pleasure in itself because charming places to which all can go at will are designed and reserved near by for such occasions. And because the margin of leisure for so doing has been trebled by appropriate use of the machine, all may go. I see droves of happy, healthy children going to smaller and ever growing smaller and more numerous and individual garden schools. And I see them in their little practice-shops and working in little individual vegetable and flower gardens, all set in parks that are garden playgrounds placed where nature stages "a beautiful show." Raising "veges" of all kinds and many yet to be known now due to the virtues of compost.

I see their parents meantime living free individual lives that enrich the communal life by the very changing quality of innate individuality. At last I see beauty in the life that is not afraid of anything outside itself. The life that has rediscovered faith. In itself. Therefore the only life democratic.

And I see all this varied transport, buildings, work, and recreation always spaciouly intimate with other transport, work, and recreation, the good ground always on easy human terms with human life. Arrangements of plan and elevations would be well thought out in all these establishments and be as appropriate to purpose as each to the other. And I see liberal life now free to flow each to each: to every man according to his nature, adapted to his choice or well suited to his need. With each generation this outward flow from the citizen naturally returns to him refreshed and duly increased. Everywhere I see the warm upsurging love-of-life that should be our heritage in a country truly free. Great woods, fields,

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streams, mountains, ranges of hills, the wind-blown sweep of the vast plains, all brought into the service of men without their doing violence to them in the name of mankind. Men reconciled to their service, proud of preserving beauty. Citizens, at last, who understand, revere, and conserve all natural resources whether of materials or men. This—to me—is service rendered by organic architecture of democracy. Architecture the cultivator of acreage, the lover of man and wife and their children, the conservator of flocks and herds no less. The philosophy of organic architecture looks and sees these all together as great Usonian landscape.

But ambitious capitalist centralizations have left the vast new acreage of these vast United States a vast neglected backyard from coast to coast and from border to border. The smoke-and-cinder-blighted areas which industrial revolution left in its wake in the East and Northwest are permanent scars on man and Nature: eternal shame to the citizenry that rose to power from that cinder heap. So many hundreds of billions wasted upon becoming the arsenal of a fortuitous democracy vainly trying to keep up the "price system" of this now runaway industrial revolution! A pity these billions could not have been spent to create a fruitful example of genuine democratic life here at home. What irony, too, that peace has never been organized for the innate glory of peace but only as against the fear of war!

Force can organize nothing. How often must it be proved?

And, yet, just because the forces of peace have never yet been truly organized (how magnificent they might be!), the freedom guaranteed by the Constitution of the U.S.A. has not only never been achieved but seldom understood. Then, or now. Were peace ever so organized, war could never defeat peace on any terms whatsoever. War would look as sinister to the citizen called upon to wage it as it really is to him. And the citizen would then compel the interests to pay the price for peace in terms of peace.

Human imagination is such human divinity as we have! Imagination alone is able to distinguish the human herd by way of the character that is individuality and eventually save man from the fate that has overtaken all other human herds. Finally, I see this release of our native resources

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adding up to one grand federated humane civilization integral with Nature with a noble architecture of its own: an architecture by and for a manhood that will make the machine and all industry proper slaves and create nobler longings by more fruitful activities for man and the world over.

To do this, all we need is a free development of life without any isms.

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We must free ourselves from a secret government of our lives and free ourselves without any theories as to how we would act subsequently. But, what will the nation that is a city be like if it builds? Abundance exists in Nature. The fruitfulness of the earth is abounding.

The regenerate Broadacres architect first enters upon this organic Usonian scene as master, the road-builder and the bridge-builder. Superhighway, the tributary hard road, and bridges being now architectural factors of fundamental if not of greatest importance. And everywhere in the new dispensation there is the compelling discipline from within of a quickening sense of all this city as the new order of organic architecture.

Sweeping grades, banked turns, concrete roadbeds, trenches, and hedges for fences, well-considered and green-covered cuts and fills healed by good planting of indigenous growth, all this may have supreme beauty in itself. Moving road lines that are the highways laid down sympathetic to terrain threading the hills and plains with safe grades everywhere are now a delightful circumstance. Wherever such occur they will be elemental features of landscape. Slightly road protections will be well studied together with designed drainage, culverts, and bridges that are all, in themselves, so designed as to be good architecture. Where concrete retaining walls would be prohibitive in cost there could be dotted lines along the sloping banks of every turn. Evergreen masses would be lined by the mile alongside the roads for snow protection, instead of unsightly snow fences. Masses of native growth would sweep over the banks of the cut or fill, not the usual collection of so many different kinds of shrubs and trees misnamed landscape architecture. But everywhere possible without obstructing desirable views would be broad sweeps of some single native species at many an appropriate place with always an eye to bloom and color in the

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changing seasons. Straight roads will be for straight or flat country. Curved roads always for curved country: contour tillage of all the sloping fields.

No main hard road in the new city would have less than three lanes. Superhighways should have no less than six lanes. Nor should any ditches be allowed alongside roads for drainage. Roads, concave, not convex, would become low-lighted ribbons at night. Fueling-and-servicing-station units would usually be found in wayside parks at appropriate points and always at strategic highway intersections. Road construction and planting, both as engineering and as architecture, would be (and naturally enough) under control of each county seat in every state, with the best that supervising architects, landscape architects, and structural engineers afforded, now the very best that the country, or perhaps the world, affords should be official. Each main county-seat section would receive special attention. And at proper points along these highways safe, spacious underground refuge should be constructed for various storage uses in peacetime that might afford protection under attack from the air and make such attack unprofitable.

The modern architect's trained sense of the harmonious "altogether" in the several matters of road construction, planting, bridge-building, and so forth, would, and from beginning to end, be indispensable to the integrity of the whole conception of this universal city.

Were sufficient attention given to wholesome underground construction, the menace of the airplane could be reduced to a point where its destructive quality to human life would not be worth the cost.

The Romans built great roads that remain to this day. But with reinforced concrete as we now practice it and our modern machines we could cheaply build better, more lasting roads and make them all factors in a noble architectural scheme. What greater, nobler agent has culture or civilization than the great open road made beautiful and safe for continually flowing traffic thus harmonious part of a great whole?

Along grand roads as through veins and arteries comes and goes the thronging life that is always building, working, and living near by or maybe coming from far away in these independent, co-operative broad acres of the free city that is a nation?

Native lakes and streams, mountain resorts, too, are made easily avail-

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able by motorization. They could contribute no small element of pleasure to transport. The barge-motorboat could do for bodies of water in relation to the land what the hydroplane has done for the land itself.

The bad form of centralization that built the great railway stations as gateways to the old city (*Bahnhofs*) will be gone. Such exaggeration or, in fact, conspicuous waste in any form will either bore or bear manifest insult to society. Nor will there be very many minor stations instead of a few major ones because "the great station," owing to lack of any great concentrations, will no longer be desirable. As flight develops, gyroplane or aerotor depots will be connected with the cross-country rights-of-way on which once were the hard rails, poles, and weeds of the old smoking, roaring railroads. No railway cars would run as noisy "trucks" but slide upon skids, the cars being light cylindrical tubes mounted upon them—air-motor powered. Such a train would be capable of 150 miles an hour without vibration. The new traffic system includes contact with minor flight stations, again, say, ten to one, now, placed wherever a flight station might be regarded as convenient. The big terminal and storage warehouses of the present would all disappear except at ports of entry or export. The major part of the traffic business of either gathering or distributing freight will be free from house to house or hand to hand: from factory and farm to family, a reality. Or from producer to exporter, or from importer to distributing center by way of the universal traffic lanes to which all units of either production or consumption have quick and easy access. Most of the wasteful back-and-forth haul will be unnecessary. It will be absurd. All distribution will be more and more direct as the natural city grows in completeness.

But there will always be particular concentrations at ports and mines. A port concentration will differ from that of an inland city. Every concentration will take on the character of its special environment and situation, differing from every other. One-third of all railroad business at present is hauling coal. But now coal will be transformed into electricity at the mines: power lines and pipe lines all underground. Water power everywhere utilized; complete general electrification now available as a public asset, at cost to the people.

Such individual differences as lie within the general shape and purposes

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of the great universal city would all be naturally accentuated: developed as architecture except wherever uniformity of standardization and mass production might enter as a substantial human benefit. And all things considered, so entered as government. Standardization—and scant bureaucracy—might be the warp of a nation woven as a variegated, appropriate fabric. The ultimate weaving in of all standardizings need show no less imagination and individuality where the native woof began to be machine-woven into the warp. Because of the machine any finished whole would have genuine individuality, far richer variety, and finer quality than any yet imagined. It is this inevitable individual differentiation of form as idea and idea as form in the free city that would give lively fascination to all of life and charm everywhere. But it is just that very human quality of individuality—strange to say—that these United States of America will soon find it most difficult to develop, or even to preserve, as things are going at present. We have all but lost the precious power of imagination owing to the “victorious” living of a false but victorious success ideal, one depending too much upon a too vicarious means by way of which to live. No, “employment” is no longer enough! Human initiative must be freed from the tyranny of stock plan-and-rule government, or else what we should learn to call democracy lapses before we even know what it is. While to conquer lawlessness in another country, we must even temporarily (not to say continually) swallow lawless orders and petty bureaucratic impositions here at home, what future have we except as a brutal power?

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City fuel, public or private, for all purposes will be turned into electricity at the mines or wherever water power may be found and the current of power be relayed to the consumer. Electrification thus become universal power would be produced at such low cost at the original source of supply such as the mines, the dams, or the oil wells of the country, that cooking and heating are economically done by it. Electricity owned by the citizen will not only be able to compete but will abolish everything else as the source of heat, power, and light for the entire city.

Great power-transmission units might still be necessary—they would be good architecture too: the same miracles of modern engineering as those we already have, only more developed. They would stand wherever

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natural resources happened to be. Improved methods of conducting power would take all fuel or power conduits under ground, as oil pipe lines are already underground.

Awakened sense of the value of native landscape would inevitably take advantage of the so many recent developments in wireless telegraphy and telephone now suppressed, and make all poles, trestles, and wires a bad memory. The ruthless scaffolding which once upon a time served the service companies but hanged and maimed the countryside for all citizens is gone. This complexity of crude, utilitarian scaffolding incurred in the infancy of our haphazard growth as a mechanized nation invariably did violence to the countryside as well as to all the finer sensibilities of American citizens. But this crude violence has disappeared in Usonia. Power and traffic find avenues of distribution and more conservative and economical channels of popular distribution in wiser, more public-spirited hands. Crude devices now called "service" will be swept from sight. Into general discard—together with all poles, wires, and hard rails whatsoever—will go track elevations, dirt overpasses, gas plants, coal-burning power-houses, train sheds, roundhouses, coal yards, lumber yards. These things no longer need be, except as under cover in the elevations of the railroads. There need be no unsightly structures anywhere in the city of the future. The crude purposes of money-making in our pioneering days once accomplished, they are now seen as futility. Such obtrusive, offensive scaffolding will be taken down and away everywhere so that the culture of a true civilization may appear.

On these pages, the general topographical traffic, supply, elimination, and power-distributing features of the free city that inevitable decentralization has already begun to build among us without our help or anything but hindrance from financial powers-that-be are in suggestive outline. *Organic reintegration* after decentralization is the new factor that will do most to develop the new city and keep the city truly economic. The new city will absorb all the endless, needless cities and towns ever built. And the many now so badly overbuilt by ruthless capitalist centralization. The stems for the flowering of the new city, as we have seen, will be the great topographical road systems for ubiquitous mobility. We can see them everywhere around us already well underway in this important matter of the universal traffic problem which, in Broadacres, is solved.

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And we have been glancing at the changing interpretations of democracy which, through educational culture, will make the city democratic. A finer city than has yet existed—a free city serving an ideal of freedom which might with all justice be called democracy in truth.

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Let us see how the various buildings themselves, these many fascinating, varied human units built by such liberal planning in the reflex, would, as valid expressions of modern life, be built. If we should scientifically and with true aesthetic sensibility in perspective see these vast resources with which we may have learned how to go to war but with which we have certainly never learned how to go to work for organized peace.

We will find that the greatest benefits to all of all to come from the free city might come from men not “employed” at all but who work freely because they like doing what they do. “Employment,” free now, is to grow into something else and other than some rising bid to “stay in line” in some vast money-making game on a wage scale.

Once consumption faces production as master, work takes on a different character.

And the necessary new standard of spacing vitally affects the general plan of our universal city. Its effects appear in every building as in every major and minor feature of the elimination of the major and minor axis.

We shall see entirely new forms for the broad living of a finer and more secure family life. This integrity of the individual which we have been prophesying we shall see taking effect in these more solidly civilized constructions that men build from the heart and mind as well as for the head by the hand or by the machine. But, always, from the good ground up.

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Most important to us as a people is this fact that the means to live a more livable life now demand a more livable city. The Broadacre concept of city-planning is that the plan of any building in any place, of whatever kind, is concerned first above the ground with this new sense of space in spaciousness and next with the nature of materials. The old standards of spacing went out as universal mobility and electrification of free life for the individual came in. In this concept “planning” is simply a matter of the right kind of building in the right way in the right place for the right

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people. Capacity to appreciate the new significance of this freedom will grow. The individual has already secured comparative flight: as an expensive kind of stunt. By experimenting with mechanical powers, man secured this vicarious power. It is true that he acquired certain propensities of the bird as he had acquired certain propensities of the fish. But with security now this changed basis for the use of all such vicarious powers will characterize the free city. The new citizen perceives these deeper elements and will enlarge his life with the perception: using all machine power, land, and money as mere tools by means of which to build an architecture for life as lived and not by vain exaggeration and murderous abuse destroy others and be himself destroyed by it. A great city, to be modern, must be built in these organic terms of broad public need instead of narrow financial gain. However much financial gain may be considered to be a public need, money should have no power whatever in itself as any commodity at all in which to speculate but have only a credit value. And then only have it as a mere medium of exchange.

To develop useful power and overcome obstructions continually thrown in his way by the terms of orthodox finance, the creative architect must nevertheless make anew for his Time, Place, and Man true forms within which men may live the new life now not only possible but inevitable. If life is to be lived at all consistently with his new powers of motion and widening margin of leisure (both still in infancy), a man must be able not only to immeasurably widen his physical horizon but to exercise his spiritual capacity accordingly. No other incentive than organic architecture has appeared able to make the machine other than a puzzle or a curse to the man.

The new standard of space (space measurement in time) has already been cited. Say it is the man seated in his motorcar, motor powers added to his own, this motor power being the unit of measurement rather than the same man walking, or seated in a trap hitched behind a horse. We have considered the fact that machine movement by motorcar is far different from a man moving on his legs or driving any horse-drawn vehicle. This new standard of measurement must be applied to the general plan-spacing in the space-planning of the free city. But, more important still, this new space concept enters and directly not only applies to buildings themselves but applies with equal constructive force to the mind and acts of the man

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himself. The sense of the lived-in space within the building must now be clearly seen as actual space-building as new enlarged means of building become natural to him. He becomes the builder of a democracy. The sense of space *within* as the reality of any building is a new concept wherever architecture is concerned. But it is essential ancient principle just the same and is not only necessary now but implied by the ideal of democracy itself. Inherent in the philosophy of Laotze and of Jesus, it is of today as it was then.

And it is time to implement this eternal principle with our modern mechanical equipment, thereby making life *actual* instead of allowing it to grow more and more vicarious. This, too, is a profound architectural problem.

Along with steel and the use of a great variety of indestructible thin insulated sheets of metal or plastics comes a demand for the economic and appropriate use of all materials whether new or old. This demand is for lightly, widely spanned spaces closed in against the elements but not closed in except at will to light and air.

Here, then, enter the significance and liberating uses of the new super-material we call glass.

Architecture as heavy inclosure for human life or as any survival of the cave-dwelling instinct such as desire for fortification, for instance, vanishes. A new kind of building comes to view—like magic. A modern building more natural to the modern man whose modern home it is. The man living in it—in spite of all untoward circumstances—is to be less separated from nature. The man living in it is to be, in every way, a broader, stronger man in the life of his own spirit. Hard and fast lines between outside and inside (where he is concerned) tend to disappear. The outside of any building may now come inside and the inside go outside, each seen as part of the other. Continuity, plasticity, and all the new simplicity they imply have at last come home to him—a miraculous release. The democratic reflex is to be his in place of the stricture of monarchic major and minor axis in which he was imprisoned by the “classic.”

This difference to life is fundamental. Tremendous.

The king is dead; long live the king. He is now the democratic citizen.

A new superlative is basis of a new world of effects in architecture and no less so in the world of modern thought. Building is now not only free to

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be itself but all space realizations of the new city are as free. In that same way modern man himself is free. Liberalities dawn in his consciousness in his new circumstances. To be free is become natural to him. Not freedoms counted out to him on the fingers but a freedom itself is his yielding all freedoms.

Traditional forms of whatever kind never knew this exhilarating relaxation of the reflex. And so, if those ancient forms are imitated, they can only interfere. They can only destroy the new freedom. All traditional forms we knew were but external mass concepts for an external mass life under some mass form of conscription. All were exterior compulsions of some sort. Superior exterior pressures were then exerted upon men to whom (as they were then circumstanced) congestion was no unmixed evil. Congestion was actually a great convenience for authority. But congestion grows monstrous as the working of the new principle gets under way and natural changes present themselves. Nor should we ever lose sight of the important fact that the true basis of the art of beautifully building organic buildings is now also *a remarkable economy!* Organic economy may be—in itself—beautiful. Economy and beauty are at last happily married, primarily human, harmonious, and *of* each other. They are and should be *one*. Civilization may, at last, rise to its best and bravest by way of its new wisdom. The man may now demand rule by what is bravest and the best as seen from *within*.

Just as congested centralization is devastating interference with the free growth of man's spiritual-physical life so all old traditional forms can be only interference with all forms of life. Past styles are (as they must be) demoralizing. As a nation we have suffered from a low glut of things without spirit. Not only have we suffered in our buildings. We have suffered untold hindrance by the "men of taste" who were promulgators and arbiters of such building. "Taste" was a false criterion! Their tastes were the same "too much" of the much too much of more than enough already that made our culture as well as our city what it is today. You know what it is.

But some of our better factory buildings are already exempt from traditional academic excess mistaken for success. We suffer most in so-called monumental and official building from omnipresent academic hangovers which we call the classic tradition, nearly all of them being external ideal-

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isms of feudal thinking so narrowly and wrongly fixed upon young modern minds by current education. As the acquisitive jackdaw plunders to line his nest or as monkey-psychology glorifies the "to have and to hold" cult, so everything cultural in our nation is utterly servile and inorganic: the wanton, fabulous waste of the man by himself when not allowed to be himself.

The fashionable house of the period-of-the-periods was not only a heavy box-mass; a block of some kind of building material punched full of holes "à la" some preselected mode, an ancient fashion recorded in the books, probably; but it was often the result of the collector mania for the antique which made of every house a bazaar, museum, or junk shop. Cultural disgrace was thus set up as authority by men who themselves, in this far cry of the surviving shadow-of-the-wall, were thus dated. Mere leftovers.

As a new era of freedom is about to dawn in manlight, this servile American architecture appears the proper graveyard for all opposition to the upward-struggling soul of man at this time in this machine age. "Possession" has operated there as a festering sore. Democratic privilege, our true heritage from the past, is therein sunk to lowest terms. What good sense there was in "the Colonial" sank to simian mimicry in the eclecticism of these domestic establishments. Where it originally came from buildings were no more than personal realizations and foolish confessions: professions of an inferiority mistaking itself for refinement.

Their architecture was proof enough that backward-looking merchants of backyard "styles" were all the architects the average American householder ever had a chance to patronize until organic architecture appeared. But any citizen capable of consecutive thought may now take hold of his modern life-problem himself. Yes, his life-problem (it is a building) is obtaining radical light from within. By independent study on his own and some real appreciation of organic law, it will reach him in time. Usonian citizens must now think their own way through to the *beginning* of their own particular share in the solution of these problems that are really their own share in the new city which we are impelled to build if we desire salvation for our civilization.

Beginning at the very beginning (in itself apparently an art long lost),

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the citizen will find the proper proportion and true significance of the word "organic." It is not only a biological term indicating that form follows function but, as he will become aware, before it is truly significant he must realize that *form and function are one*. A spiritual truth.

It is this sense of simplicity as organic architecture or architecture as always able to create a form of organic life that will pull many a puzzled mind out of academic confusion or bondage to the past and open again the doors of the greatest of all art to the spirit. The windows of the mind when thus opened will enable us to see freedom coming; see an end to prevailing confusion; an end to inane, fruitless bondage to the past.

The fashionable period architect and his fashionable period clients have tried every fashionable phase of abnegation to the past and all the way down to present theatrical affectation: the rankest shoddy pretense. Lately in their better moments fashionable architects have tried to use their modern clients for a kind of pictorial simplicity. Well and good. But not nearly good enough. Let them now try for a genuine, that is to say, try for an organic simplicity. Or, let's say, simplicity as organic; therefore natural without imitation.

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From where and how in the present order of fixation is this needed release to come? Our belief is that it will come from the source of power nearest to us and that we have ourselves so abused (or was abused by our consent); this source of power will be our chief means to the desired end. But if we should fall to imitating machines in our buildings: if inspired by steamships, automobiles, airplanes, bathtubs, refrigerators, and kitchen sinks, we at first lay hold of simplicity as some superficial negation or other: then we may make a dogma of streamlining and do it all over again—this time in the name of "Form follows Function."

Even so, such negation is not fatal. But neither is it necessary! Such sterile negation is only another phase of pictorial simplicity after all. It shows itself in this. If we dig deeper, we will understand that organic simplicity is as far beyond such affected pictorialism, however effective, as the lilies of the field were far from the washtub or a clothes wringer. But, as a

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fair beginning, the negation will serve as preliminary help to clear up the rubbish heap that encumbers life as it is lived now. It will. But only if we accept such negation as not more than passing service.

The citizen's bathtub and one-piece water closet do come nearer to beauty than his present dressed-up pictorial or period house, either elaborate or simple. And the car at the door does shame the house.

Next, pass by the pictorial house, simple or elaborate. Renunciation of the period house in toto is the first necessary act. Go on to try to find a house with the integrity of organic simplicity (the new reality) no mere countenance. A house more integral with Time, Place, and Man, because we must now begin to build the free city of democracy. The young modern architect's search for actual, educated, intimacy with the good ground will eventually result in fruitful search on his part for the fundamentals of his art: integral or organic principle. Realization of such principle in practice will result in creative competence in place of scholastic impotence. With the song in him not yet dead, the architect will begin to build again as the great folk-masters once built and as the song-masters of music wrote—out of the man himself for himself.

Not all of him for any of him—nor any of him for all of him. But even eclecticism of appropriate modern work which might follow would be nearer life in our own time than were the superficial eclecticism he practiced before, unless he should again fall into pseudo-artistic habits assuming without necessary creative ability the prerogatives that alone belong to the practiced art of creation; he would be better off. But, as things are now with the young architect, negation is often good medicine—in all the arts. And so, even that may do something to abolish the culture fakir by awakening and broadening a general desire for profound simplicity. Even within the febrile academic soul now educated far beyond its capacity.

Whenever we do reach this interior order of simplicity as organic, we will find among the motley other dubious assets inherited from the passing "order of the periods," these enormous armies of lawyers, "go-getters," peddlers, brokers, designing-partners, inferior desecrators, writers, journalists, professors, all doing some kind of brokerage between the man and his destiny. Again and afresh, it is these (experts all) who will become the new eclectics—parasites in and upon the new city. Probable enough but no great matter if, instead of crying aloud for more of the exterior dis-

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cipline of authority, bureaucracy and tutelage that made such weaklings acceptable will change and put premiums upon the essentially organic qualities which we most highly prize in man himself. No longer confounding individuality with personality, we will have the difference straight, soon be able to put the right premiums upon individuality innate whether in philosophy, religion, science, or art. Only so shall we ever be able to help build the imminent free city of democracy. Only so will we be able to save civilization from destruction by the ambitious scientist of the industrial revolution or the far more important chemical revolution.

The creative artist? Who is he? Well—he is naturally one who is himself more society than society is itself. Which means that he—by nature and by office the qualified artist—is the natural, native-interpreter in any social order in which humanity may choose to live. If he is so accepted, then happily so. If rejected (as he usually is), then no less so. And we may still hope that our society, by way of generations next in line, will learn to see him as the true radical: a romanticist who is the true realist; see him as a seer. Not only is he *a* way-shower but, with his experienced command of modern ways and means, he is *the* way-shower.

Why, then, is our society here in the United States so afraid of the radical? Therefore so afraid of every genuinely creative individuality? Society is afraid of him because the spiritual values necessary to see him as he is are yet undeveloped. And all social economic values so tipsy and twisted down the line as to be actually afraid of truth. "Society" is more or less afraid of truth because, whoever and such as the "élite" are, their cherished prejudices are turned topsy-turvy by the truth. Society is yet depending upon the imposing strong arm's enforcement of the old external labels miscalled ideals. The élite relaxes guardianship if the true conception of the term "organic" ever dawns for them. If they were to honestly apply this concept as a test to these predatory rubbish heaps of theirs, the old towns and cities of our United States, they would soon be set upon the open road to a finer and higher social order—economic, social, artistic, religious.

But please be warned! This word "organic" if taken in too biological a sense would not be a light in darkness but a stumbling block. As we use the term "organic" in architecture, it applies to a concept of natural living and of natural building both seen as structure. To the architect the term

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is simple, a daily, working concept of that great altogether wherein features and parts, congenital in form and substance, are, when applied to purpose, integral.

Such, then, is the significance to us of the quality organic. "Entity" is perhaps the best word.

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We are all parasites, but it is not true to say that the poor are poor because the rich are rich. To say so is an attempt to divert attention from the real causes of poverty. The rich are as parasitic as the poor.

Let us first consider our "poor."

"The poor" has lately meant the "housing problem," receiving so much official attention at the moment. Beneficial though some of it is, such "housing" as government practices can only result in putting off by mitigation of a daily horror the day of regeneration for the actual poor.

The poor are those most hindered or damaged by *rent*, as unearned increments progress and pile up into vast fortunes. *Triple rent*: rent for land, rent for money, rent for ideas. Or else the poor are the lame, the halt, and the blind.

Where is their place in these cities and towns built and maintained by the makers and takers of triple rent?

For our answer show the salvage effected by the latest and best "housing" developments all over the world. They are improved slums. No doubt. The slum quarter has become an authorized state of mind, standardization of the soul. Poverty of the spirit is thus built into our own free country. Poverty is getting national recognition as such. Poverty is being made a decent *institution*! Deadly boxing, rows under rows or behind rows and beside rows of other boxes. Cubicles in rows or shelves on shelves in hard military array, a monarchic hangover wholly remote from the reflex of democratic nature and architecture; about as inspiring as any coffin. Decent? Maybe. But just for that, as things go—a deadening strait jacket in which human life is "beneficiary"? But not blessed. Ingenious officering all this by government order, of the army of the poor: the poor who are to be poor and *stay* decently poor. Made poor by the machine? Yes. But made

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poor only by big-time production's flagrant greed. Here we see the machine and orthodox finance hand in hand to make useless people at a rate soon triumphant in a machine-made world.

Even though "one's own way" may sink to license in filth, is there not some dignity at least in the "freedom" in which it sank? And stinks. But what human dignity is there in the smell of soap and sanitation in these prescribed cells; in all this stupid, dull reiteration of "no-idea," nobody's home—this dreary insistence upon *spiritual* poverty? Even though a bathtub be incorporated and a posy stuck in some flowerbox to decorate this form of rent for the state—a sinister light is now cast by "success" in this moot matter of "housing."

Why not—by subsidizing transportation—make the land they were surely born to inherit more free to the poor? The land they were born to inherit as they were born to inherit air to breathe, daylight to see by, and water to drink. Perhaps food to eat. Why not? I am well aware of the academic economist's reaction to any question of free land or anything "free" at all, anywhere. And on the present system there is plenty of exercise for his rationalisms. But Henry George showed his people clearly enough the simple basis of all human poverty. It is only an *organic* solution of the land problem that is needed by the poor. Needed no less by the rich. Neither are secure. And the solution of their problem is imperative salvation, soon, for democratic society. What hope is there for proper stimulation of the great architecture of a great life while owners of land hold all man-made improvements instead of man-made improvements holding the land? For any organic economic structure this is wrong at the root: that is to say, radically wrong. Architecture in such circumstances is only for the landlord by permission of the banker. Better to say the banker plus the landlord.

By some form of redemption or exemption and subsequent co-operative sharing of increase in land values, society must make his own acre available to each poor man: make acreage available to him according to his ability (and the ability of his family) to make good use of the land. If at first, there must be subsidy, then why not subsidize his transportation? And then—what house for the poor man? Where and how may he himself go to work to build it with his family? The present city is no place for that.

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Modern mobility can be arranged for him: ready for the poor man, especially. By way of a bus or a model A Ford. Emancipated from rent, were good ground made available to him, he—the machine worker rented by wages—paying toll to the exaggerated city in order that the city give him work to do—why should not he, the poor wage-slave, go forward, not backward, to his native birthright? Go to the good ground and grow his family in a free city? Go there to release his initiative where both work place and family home may be pleasant, worthy, and inspiring associates: his family (all together) productive on their own ground. By any modern scale of time-spacing we can truthfully say ten miles is “near by.” Even more miles.

The poor man? Yes. . . . He is usually the man at the machine somehow. Somewhere. And because he is there at the machine common sense would say that to start building his home he ought to be able to buy the modern, standardized privy, cheap. That civilized “privy” is now a complete bathroom manufactured in factories, delivered complete to him as a single unit (his car or refrigerator is one now) ready to use when connected to the city water system and a fifteen-dollar septic tank or a forty-dollar cesspool. Well advised, he plants this first unit wherever it belongs to start his home. Other units similarly cheap and beneficial designed for living purposes may be added soon. As the months go by, rent he saves may buy other standardized units; say, a comfortable living-room and as many bedrooms as he needs. These and other perquisites may be added as soon as he earns them by his work in near-by industries, his family, meantime, helping to maintain him on his own ground. All these standard units might be varied in general scheme of assembly to suit either flat land or hillside and be designed to make not only a dignified but an attractive well-planned appropriate whole. Such various standardized units as we have are at present so forbidding merely because they were not designed to take the curse off repetition and do not add up to a gracious whole. They are produced ad libitum, ad nauseam, by the machine worker’s labor under standardized “production-controlling-consumption” policy in some factory. The benefit of the “cheapening” process does not go to him. It goes to the producer. And quantity wipes out quality, as usual. But standardized units may be produced in the free city as of itself. And, like his auto-

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mobile, be produced for him by him, the cheapening power of modern mass production right side up: on his side. Cart no longer before the horse.

As the artisan grows in resources, his home grows. The artisan-home-maker buys the required unit in some well-planned group scheme that benefits in design and production from long study by the world's best, so minded. And not only may this flexible group of "standardized" units be variegated, harmonized by production to do no outrage to the landscape but be so cheap to him—the consumer—that his rent for three months in city bondage would buy the first units of his home if the machine is really going to work for him and not be kept working to keep the poor poor just so long as the poor are satisfied to be poor. Mere "employment" has been dangled before his worried artisan eyes to keep him properly citified and poor—long enough?

In a year or two probably, "the poor" might own a house at least home-worthy, fairly staunch, and pretty complete. His would be a house of quality; one of a *great variety of houses* with good lines, good proportions, and pleasant, "practical" plan schemes. His establishment would be as good to look at as good to live in, because it would be well laid out according to ground, with a garden in appropriate, generous ground-spacing. Such outbuildings as he would need—also appropriate standardized units—would be harmonious extension of the house itself. All together would stand among fruit trees, shade trees, berry bushes, vegetables, flowers. All houses would have hot and cold running water. A modern fireplace; cook-stove and heat unit would be comprised in one single unit, bought by one single transaction. With some small aid in the way of social insurance (part of his new freedom) here is a quality home within reach of the artisan by way of his devotion to the machine. Under these better, more co-operative conditions the machine could produce a (say fifteen-hundred-dollar) house for him as economically as it could produce his automobile. I mean the old horse-and-buggy one still standing out there in the new fifty-dollar car-shelter now a part of his house until he can get a better car. At least a car designed for *him*. After all, it is time to waken to the fact that a modern car is not a horse and buggy. Were electrification universal, there would be cheap, standardized light, heat, and power coming to him underground. It would be cheap because of his voluntary co-operation with

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his neighbors (government) in such matters as were incapable of individuality. Such co-operation would simplify his circumstances and bring the coveted luxuries of life nearer—bring them nearer to him in so many new ways without creating any more machine utilities at his expense.

Now as a physical product, and as things already are, there is nothing remarkable about this opportunity. Taliesin was working away upon it about 1921. The basis for it is at hand. But what is remarkable is the fact that by way of organic design the whole establishment of the citizen may have the mass production that is order and the order that is true beauty. On no account need modern mass production lack individuality. Characteristic choice would be the citizen's so freely that appropriate designs and devices could make his house a harmonious whole as appropriate to him as to his ground. Where before the workman could exercise only a choice of reactionary sentimentalities charted by professionals and aborted by machinery (or the other way around) and the workman be compelled to accept ugly machine-made boxing-up by bureaucracy (he being an elected member of the national official institution called the "poor"), he is the equal in quality of investment to anyone "rich."

In the free city where, then, is your poor man? I say he is no longer "the poor." Because on a basis of equality he has *quality*. He can say his soul is his own because opportunity has opened for him in natural ways the right to be free. Free to exercise his own faculties to the top of his bent; a gentleman because no longer enslaved by wages to exercise the soulless faculty of some machine producing goods for export! And the erstwhile "poor" man beside him is at least a block away, or more, similarly situated on acreage of his own. Owing to quality in design and device, appropriate to time, place, and circumstances, at home he is related directly and beautifully to the ground he lives on and the life he lives with. He lives *with* the good ground, not merely *on* it. Birds sing for *him*, grass grows green for *him*, rain falls for *him* on his growing garden while the wheels of standardization and invention, no longer turning against him now, turn *for him*.

If we are ever to survive the ubiquitous machine, it must mean increased life to men. Government must mean equal opportunity for all concerned with the man or the machine. But the machine is to be pretty much the citizen's own concern—not government's—when democracy builds.

Is it dangerous to thus distribute independence and liberty? No, not in

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true democracy. It is the safest thing we as a people could do. The only sane or safe investment this nation could make in actual "defense." No nation is minded to become a satellite if it could be avoided. We could set the pattern for the world that by independence shared would insure peace—if we would. Peace? Invincible on such a basis as this.

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The poor man's children growing up in the free city are making first-hand contact with more of the freshness and sweetness of their birthright than almost any rich man's children now know. And not by way of urban grass plots or as a goldfish inhabits a glass globe together with a pebble and a reed by grace of some municipally minded landlord, either.

Once and for all he, "poor man," is planted square with his fellows in tillage that grows more skilful. He increases the beauty of the countryside as it enriches him. Meantime his children will be educated to know in what the value of native beauty consists and by way of the new education, as he is being taught he will someday turn to teach the world.

All individuality is likely to grow more mellow, more gracious, in these circumstances. Its better fruits, no longer bitter, shared by each and all as the citizens of a free city, become aristocratic in the true democratic meaning of that much-misused word: aristocracy thus made integral: made a genuine living *quality* instead of some dated, dwindling hereditary privilege.

To integrate the general small-garden and little-farms production (whatever it may be) and relate both to this factory service of his a few hours a day; all the workman is and can produce could be economically related to the great, universal contact center, the extensive neighborhood market, standing there by the great highway. Perhaps found near by as added feature of service stations or the wayside inns.

Say this family produce is regularly called for each day. Each day the family receives in cash one-half the value of whatever their own free time on the ground has raised. And everyone is now where they may have green produce fresh every hour. Little farms thus reinforcing the larger, more expanded farm units would afford not only still greater variety to the consumer than even now but some additional money would be earned by

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members of the machine-worker's own household. Agrarianism holding its own against industrialism! Both could be truly co-operative. But industrialism as the producer is a partner to agrarianism, the producer.

Where would town-made employment be in the circumstances and where the slums? Generous integration by way of neighborhood schools, attractive travel, entertainment, hospitals, insurance for sickness, accidents, and old age, are all easily arranged to take from the old-time machine-slave the anxieties that bore him down and out to dump him in an early grave. Even were the start made as low down as the poorest of the poor, society would soon have a self-respecting and respected creative individual for a citizen instead of a discouraged bewildered failure. Instead of another cultural weed gone to seed in municipal barracks all neatly lined up to raise more weeds indoors than outdoors, here comes a useful plant. Sowing more seeds of the new sort would yield a valuable man-crop. A good independent workman would be the definite human asset. The workman nonetheless a man because he happened to be a "machine man." Even more a man now because he is no man-machine any longer. He uses the machine, yes, but the machine no longer uses him as to abuse him. He was only the "Yes" man yesterday. Today, should he so choose, he is the "No" man.

This minor democratic establishment (so far as it went) would have potent charm, be a national *cultural* asset. A home fit to be lived in with individuality as the motorcar will someday come to look like a machine fit to ride in. If both were organic in design, the two would look well together—if you can imagine it. I can, and so will you soon, though at present the automobile and the house are both utterly out of scale and out of harmony with each other. Both incongruous, each still a foolish hangover: commercial exploit of the not sufficiently dim and distant past.

Various units of the artisan's house might be built of native materials or fabricated of sheet-metal or composition slabs. Perhaps of both together. What does it matter? Synthetics might be permanently "finished" and, like his car, in any texture or color he preferred, be fit for his house. But no "bad" color or unsuitable texture or pattern could be produced to be "preferred" in the organic city. Only good things would be

THE USONIAN INDIVIDUAL AND HIS HOME

there to be preferred. His house (now almost automatically building itself) might have much glass, but not enough to wither him—glass shaded from above by thin, sheltering wood or metal projections or shaded by the overhanging trellis for vines. Various units in one scheme might be rectangular; in another hexagonal; in another, circular in form. And all these not only in plan projection but in what *arises from the plan*. Infinite in variety, combinations could be made of these primitive forms. A completed home unit might achieve the inclosure of a central court or a garden with much greenery and flowers. Perhaps a pool. But his establishment should grow as the man himself grew. He would be earning the natural increase himself—his ability to do so increased not merely because he is “employed” but because his own initiative had been set free to employ himself to the greater advantage of other men like himself.

He could leave the roofs of his new dwelling flat and use them as a roof garden under an awning. Or, at some greater expense, he could slope the roof under permanent materials and use the ground around the house for recreation. Furnishings throughout, like his appurtenance systems, would as a matter of course become part of his house. They would be as good to look at inside as his house would be good to look at outside. This would be so because he got his furnishings as he got his house: designed for him by the best talent he could choose from among the best the world affords. He might soon choose wisely for his own problem with perfect knowledge. A range of choice easily wide enough to enable the homemaker to find his own in his own way.

The inspiring fact in all this? That the workman is in the free city on ground that cannot be taken away from him, because it could not be his by “*debt*,” that is to say, by his signing any interest-bearing mortgage. It would be his only by way of good use and such appropriate improvements as he would make. There could be no landlord over him other than established superintendence given (if he needed it and asked for it) by the cultivated society in which he would—in such circumstances—be a cultural unit. So the youth, a workman, grows up independently, but regardful because his education consists in what he does as he is learning to live on his own ground. That is his modern “liberal” education. His home is not only his own but is naturally harmonious to the whole of the city scheme and environment. No longer is he some haphazard, soulless, unit that must

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be officered by the rank and file of an army of bureaucratic standardizations to which he was, once upon a time (and not so long ago), "the poor." In all the free city there is no man grim rent to fortuitous fortune or any form of rent. Rent is beside the mark.

There would be, mainly, manly men living in Usonia because all were privileged in the manlike freedom democracy promised them: fit to be on their own, together with their own and still much more than enough room for growth for everybody.

Independence and liberty will have been pretty fairly distributed to him there where they count most for the actual defense of his freedom. He is protected by the character of this position and disposition. And his conscience is of the best . . . government of which he is now truly representative now truly represents him. Government (and especially so) is his own government.

Optimistic, nonpolitical, nonurban, nonstatism—yes—but in perfectly practical outline here is feasible idea of organic social construction able to abolish not only the "tenement" but wage-slavery—and truly capitalistic. The only possible city if democracy has any future. It has a future under true capitalism—none under the evasive practices of a plutocratic republic—depending upon foreign trade for prosperity.

THE USONIAN FARM

As his citizen's share in a national life, what establishment would the farmer have?

Farmers, too, are suffering from rent in its rankest, most vicious form. Any improvements the farmer makes are only a gamble adding to his burden of rent and probably ending in total loss. Should his own labor be insufficient to pay rent for money, rent for land, and the rent exacted now by far overgrown, usurious government, then goodbye to all his improvements. The banker leaves him out and takes them over. But now in the free city, so long as he is able at all, he can keep his improvements and (by means of them) his own ground under his feet. He need never fear poverty. Poverty is far away from him if only he will work *at the work he likes* to do and knows well. But farming at present is the hinterland of eco-

nomics, the borderland of despair, because the farmer was not taken into the present scheme of "increments" except as a gratuitous *source*. Intrinsic sources become gratuitous all too soon as factory-industry gains the upper hand on the hard pavements. And in the more thickly settled regions of our country the farmer is still trying to compete against the great grain- and beef-raising of machine-farming on almost endless free acreage of the great open spaces of our vast United States. Grain-raising, as such, is therefore against him. Nor in cattle- and sheep-raising can he compete with great ranges of western land without improvements, taxed (if taxed at all) at a few cents per acre while the cost of his improvements always works dead against him on land taxed at five to fifteen dollars (or more) per acre.

Modern sanitation, the motorcar, and electrification have brought the farmer's life a little nearer the luxury of sons and daughter lost to prevailing white-collarite armies. He is (all too often) alone on the farm. And sometimes he is on the farm only to become an inmate of the poorhouse, or would be better off if he were, at the end of his life's long labor on the ground. Whatever may have been his energy and thrift, unless some tragic artificial vicious stimulation such as war or government spending comes to his rescue for a time only to push him deeper under when his turn comes.

Ground is so seldom his own ground now except as he holds it by some slender show of "equity." The farmer—East, Middle West, or South—is no winner of the game of increments as that game is played for high stakes with the rules of the money-getting, betting game what they now are. The financial dice are loaded against him by the very circumstances in which he is placed. He will "find" himself in time as and if he can.

And it is amusing or exasperating, as you may happen to get the view, to see the empty political gestures his vote-getting saviors make to "relieve" him. He is the pawn in many a handsome political game devised by false fortune. Debt is forced upon the farmer as it is forced upon the wage-slave.

Although so many gestures are made to relieve him and subsidies offered him, not a statesman's voice is raised nor a single sensible legal move made to *fundamentally* free him from inequalities that grip him for no other purpose than to give the white-collarite army serving the money-trusts in-

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dustrialists a free ride on his back. These "volunteer" armies of our big citified towns ride on the farmer's back to such an extent because the farmer's labor is intrinsic. It is a source. A source is always infested by the petty parasite of the big parasites in our parasitic era of the middleman. The farmer's labor on the land chiefly contributes to maintain the characteristic vicarious powers of city life: powers now growing more than ever vicarious by new lever and extra push button. But the farmer's labor (like the soldier's) does not contribute very much beyond food and privations to his own life. Parasites are parasitic because they must and (it is no fault of their own) batten upon sources; live upon *origins*. They can never live by originating. So here in the tiller of the soil is good and genuine life in deep trouble by way of the preferred parasitism of an exaggerated centralization necessary to fake capitalism. Unless the farmer turns and exploits centralization instead of being exploited by it, he is down to stay down.

Cities are great mouths. Essentially the farmer is food-master for humanity. He has many subsidiaries, but his primary job is to feed the great feudal city survivals. Raw materials of clothing for himself and the urbanites are his job also.

Without the farmer, then, our towns and cities, big and small, would go naked and starve. But in the free city he himself comes in for a share, or the new city will go out to him not merely to be fed but to share in common luxury which the very nature of the farmer's intrinsic service to society has made possible—luxury hitherto denied the farmer. And his establishment is most welcome. It will be, perhaps, the most attractive unit in all the structures of the new free city of the future we are discussing.

Feeding the multitude being naturally the farmer's job, it is clear that intensive farming, varied as possible, will be his advantage over the vast western grain- and beef-producing areas competing with him. His produce, at last, will be direct to the consumer. The ubiquitous middleman, so often pure iniquity, is off the farmer's back. Dairying, fruit-growing, truck-gardening, raising the rarer meats, fowls, eggs, in all of which freshness is a first consideration, will be his direct contribution to the city in which he himself lives. The tin can and barbed-wire fence, once the bulwarks of advancing civilization, are long since gone. He himself is now fenced by ubiquitous, inglorious ruinous debt.

As the civilization we are describing proceeds, it is a new farmer who

will, in Broadacres, by intensive methods gradually take the place of the "dirt" farmer.

The little-farms farmer will need a greenhouse and need less than one-tenth the land he tried to farm before he came to the city. As a citizen he needs a completely fireproof sanitary establishment: one that makes of his lifework a more decent, bearable, and forbearing association with the higher-grade animals he husbands—tending, breeding, and feeding them primarily for the urban millions who meantime have cultivated tastes (artificial tastes as things were); false, let us say, as compared with his own more simple ones. Or, let us say, his less developed tastes. Before everything else the farmer needs most and knows least organic architecture. He needs the kind of buildings that will end this unceasing wasteful to-and-fro of his in and around about the stinking inefficient group of ill-adapted buildings now become a habit to enslave him. Organic design is able to supplant them all with one compact, well-correlated single building efficient for his purpose: a building considering his own life worthy of conservation. In the new city the little-farms farmer's dignity, living comforts, and cultural education are assured. He needs less but has much more in almost every way than when he was "big." He no longer needs machine sheds. They mused up his place. But he does need an intimate workshop and tools. He does not need many fences anymore except those that are a part of his buildings or electrified.

His energy is conserved by having all these together under convenient sanitary model conditions: his animals a few steps away approached under cover; his motorcar or small truck reached by opening the door from his dwelling to a garage; his crop proscribed and sold even before he raises it by some plan of integration of larger or of smaller units with the little-farms markets. This market itself would be a scheme for the integration of the few or the many small farm-units into greater uses. This integration is inevitably destined, and soon, to take the place of the devastating back-and-forth-haul of present overgrown centralization in all our cities and towns. Distribution is direct. From factory to family is now more than a mere slogan.

A composite farm building such as this would be assembled of prefabricated units, fireproof. Shelter for cars, a comfortable dwelling, a

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greenhouse, a packing and distributing house, silo (or equivalent), stable, and diversified animal shed. The whole arrangement not only would be good to look at but would be practical emancipation. As such it could all be delivered to the little-farms farmer at low cost by machine production intelligently standardized. For the first time organic architecture would be his: serving him by way of the best brains in the world utilized to simplify and make his life in the city dignified and effective. Attractive not only to himself but to the city itself.

And this composite little-farms building would be a group building not of one type only but of as many types in various materials as there are now to be endless modifications of the farmer and his purposes and his ground.

This architectural modernization of the *basis* of farming is the most important phase of "farm-relief" after the freedom of land and money is once established as the normal channel for building.

Well-designed farm life grouped on units of three-, five-, and ten-acre farms, production proscribed, and all directly related to highway-traffic markets selling citizens farm produce fresh every hour is much more than merely "farm relief." It is the true cornerstone in the broad basis of any radical, democratic society.

Also of great importance is the design of the little-farms market itself. Here is additional festive feature of urban integration among the many minor service features along the highways of the free city.

A single tractor might spread the tilth, power the disk, and harrow the soil for many farmers. And the various community centers of various districts (called the county seats) could provide not only power distribution and pooling of certain labors and interests in sickness or in health but also provide varied entertainment all of superior character. Seasonal festivities of great quality and inspiration for all would soon be common neighborhood events in terms of today, as once they were in terms of yesterday.

Here in suggestive outline only is "farm relief." A happier, fuller livelihood for so many millions of uneasy white-collarites, still capable as men and women but not quite happy as city parasites. By further subdivision and reintegration of smaller farm units, enabling the upbuilding of general living conditions on a better basis, millions of our better citizens could find means of life that would be independently their defense against propaganda and oppression. Quality would be the ideal, not quantity. Citizens

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no longer compelled to rent themselves for good or ill to any cash-and-carry system whatever. They would be citizen-owners of themselves, able to say "No" as well as "Yes."

In every single county section of Broadacre City there would be plenty of room for many such, each completely integrated with all, and all be independent. Superfluous millions of parasitic white-collarites seeking employment in the city independent in the country.

No, "employment" is not enough! What a man wants in democracy is not so much employment as freedom to work at what he believes in, what he likes to work with and work for. Officially dangling "employment" before a man may be, after all, only the means of keeping him tied to a money-getting and money-distributing system that amounts to international slavery and inevitably means some form of conscription when any showdown comes. "Full employment" does in fact cast the same shadow-of-doubt on the man's future economic life that is now inevitably cast upon his "patriotism" by military conscription.

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To say that "business" knows good architecture suited to its purpose before art, science, education, and religion are able to recognize it may be astonishing. Nevertheless, it is true. Perhaps this partial recognition by business is not so much perception of the eternal fitness of things as it is again the flair for the expedient and for what makes good advertising?

But good business *is* heading in toward good architecture. The manufacturer, the world over, has been a leader in that direction. Perhaps also this is because "culture," in quotation marks, had no place in the final decisions of "business."

The factory?

Now the factory comes to our country-wide city that is a nation. Employees themselves are becoming more and more small-farms gardeners. But the factory is already so well organized, built, and managed in our country that it needs less redesigning than any other enterprise we have; but it needs the ground free; ground available for factory decentralization but also ground free to factory workers. The big factory already recognizes the need for dividing itself up into smaller units spaced in the countryside

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according to the new standards of space measurement. And more economic freedom for the worker to make him a purchaser. The Broadacre reintegration in this division of the big factory into smaller units in the country is based upon events already taking place in many great industries. As we now see, instead of scheming for the increase of centralization that defeats life and even defeats its own purpose by economic stricture and waste—the meaningless back-and-forth haul and congestion of all life-interests, our factories will be first to see and help put an end to the absurd waste motion of urbanized life. The factory, except for exaggeration of its size due to overcentralization and the imprisoning of factory workers in “housing” that is no blessing, is the best thing America has done. Great improvement on the guilty early English precedent. Our various factories are the most important things we have and about ready to subdivide and reintegrate as desirable and sightly features of the free city.

The commercial office?

Financial, professional, distributive, administrative business offices may all now be where they would naturally belong to function as units of whatever industry they represent. And their officials are to be found where actual production is taking place. Instantaneous intercommunication by plane and phone makes this return direct to origins not only desirable but reasonable. Practical. Once the movement starts, the correlation of offices, manufactures, farming, and dwelling will be desirable and such efficient conservation of time and energy by the citizen, the manufacturer, and the farmer as to benefit producer and consumer alike. Much easier to work continuously forward from the plant than it ever was to work continually forward from it and backward to it as in the circumstances of the present to-and-fro.

Offices for such public officialism (whatever bureaucracy might remain above ground), petty or major, would center at police and fire stations at the present county seats. These county seats would nearly all be natural road junctions. And, owing to lack of congestion, villages might be cut down to one out of the ten operating now at public expense (certain parts of all the land planted to trees or grass). The district courts, greatly reduced by these simplifications of a people's government, would also be found at this point, their functionaries and functioneers established close beside them. None would be found in the braggadocio buildings now cus-

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tomary because such "official" functions are *really utilitarian* in any democracy. So the dome and its offsprings, the cupola and the pilaster, would vanish with ostentatious columns. Architraves and cornices would be out of luck.

The offices professional men would build for their special work in connection with their home grounds would be interesting features of the city. Professional offices might be set up as a small shop or perhaps a studio, a clinic, a small hospital, or a gallery suited to his or her "professional" purposes: usually semidetached from the dwelling place. Show-off places whenever desired. Such highly individualized specialized professional units added to the specialist's home would much enrich the aspect of the whole city and save the enormous waste of the old back-and-forth haul of the professional to and from suburb to city. All professional services would be directly available to patients or clients under the convenient conditions of modern transportation (such as are fast approaching) characteristic of Broadacres. All professionals would be easier to reach than they ever were under the traffic hindrances of the present form of centralization which does violence to both the time, patience, and nerves of professional, patient, and fellow-citizens alike. Professional men sorely need less wear-and-tear on the man and more time for service, research, and creative study in inspiring atmosphere.

And the bank?

Well, what would now remain of the ostentatious pretentious bank is an "office"—say a quasi-public one like a good post office. Banks should be found with the official buildings at some county seat or at an important road junction, all integrated as units in various strong governmental chain credit systems. The bank would no longer put on the airs of a temple nor of any place of worship whatever. Its service would be integrated with government. No further need to hold up its importance with "columns" to get business preferences from depositors. Government bank credits to finance production for use, no money except as a demurrage currency having no commodity value whatever. The credit of the people would be in their own hands without unfair exploitation by any broker.

A bank would be only a well-calculated official activity of a people's nonpolitical government, in charge of a mere medium of exchange having no possible speculative value. So the "bank" might properly take on the

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airs characteristic of a good filing system in a steel box or a filling station. Grandomania in construction, as seen in the great cut-stone quarries, grand safes, and enormous locks to appeal to superstition would be useless. Money power would no longer be glamorous or direct invitation to thieves as now. So outmoded grand temples-of-the-unearned-increment would shrink to an open office for the more intrinsic uses of a mere medium of exchange: credits instead of hard cash would be what it would contain. The bank-robber would be permanently out of luck. But—what about an international standard of value for the big-production boys? Consult social credit; the most practical of all systems of foreign exchange yet devised, based upon the self-contained independence of each and every nation.

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The market? The great roadside market would be some flexible form of co-operative integration, by consumption, of production: integration of mercantile distribution of all produce natural to any free city. The markets would much resemble our county fairs, in general, and occur conveniently upon great arteries of mobility or "traffic." These fine features of the future city are already appearing in embryo. Even if neglected and despised, they are fingers pointing to the end of capitalist centralism. Already appearing as roadside service stations, they are probably the beginning of future distributing centers owned by the people.

In our present gasoline service station you may see crude beginnings of an important advance decentralization, also the involuntary beginning of this future humane establishment we are calling the free city.

Wherever service stations are naturally located, these now ugly and seemingly insignificant features will survive and expand into various important distributing centers of all sorts. They are already so expanding in the great Southwest. Each of these smaller units might be again integrated or systematically "chained" over large areas, to down costs and facilitate distribution; to add new economics to mass production and standardizing of gasoline. Such widespread centers of distribution would become general distributors of many things that Marshall Field, Sears Roebuck, or Wanamaker now fail to distribute to the congested crowds senselessly swarming in from the country on to urban hard pavements and back again to the green.

Most important—fresh opportunity for building by the people them-

selves is everywhere here in this diversified wayside market. It is a daylight store and the equivalent of a "country fair." Perhaps it is the most attractive, educational, and entertaining single modern unit to be found among all the features of the city. Generous parking facilities (beyond realization at present), adequate automatic parking, none seem to realize how extensive it must be, and easy room everywhere for beguiling entertainments. Open-air cabarets, cafes, good restaurants with charm will be found at the markets as they will be found at roadside service stations. In certain near-by places overnight accommodations for transients would abound, making continuous travel a delightful, varied experience. A cultural affair? Yes. Competition between various centers would develop individuality and charm with success or fail. Soon, from any and every stream of traffic, one might turn aside into charming places not imitating those of any foreign country to pick up in the natural to-and-fro of everyday traffic all of anything needed or desired at home. To deprive the age not too suddenly of its characteristic art, advertising, prospective purchasers might be subjected to the same temptations by salesmanship of effective sales display which now entertain and amaze us in any of our highly specialized stores, but such advertising could not be "roadside." It would be concentrated, designed, and incorporated as features of the particular building doing the advertising. Proprietors, salesmen, managers, all would be living not so far away. Not far away now, is within ten or twenty-five miles: living completely in country places of their own. Their children would be going to "near-by" Broadacre schools. "Near by" being within miles instead of a few city blocks. Citizens would themselves be likely to be the improved modern equivalent of ancient "landed gentry."

Now in all these observations we have made we have had time to see only a few of the changes for the better of the uses of our own modern resources by way of the universal force—machine power. Power at present doing its work in such deadly fashion, but power that might readily go to work not *on* but *for* humanity. If throughout the new Usonian social fabric we would courageously and intelligently follow and plan for the law of natural change, as, say, Marshall Field followed it when establishing stores in big-city outskirts and many small towns; as Woolworth and his followers have followed, this free city of democracy comes along no longer haphazard but

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organic. So, ahead of the dated pioneer centralizations of yesterday there would naturally arise the next step: pioneer decentralization everywhere. Tomorrow would have along with it the social reintegration that establishes, defends, and insures democracy. All this for both big and little inland towns. Port towns and such localities as were near concentrated natural resources would be subject to concentrations as a matter of course.

Modern inventions and consequent increased machine resources now growing destructive interference to life in all our present cities and towns not only compel the point of view we have taken here for the future (if we are to have a future) but they are themselves already compelling us to take heed and move out. The "system" is concealing from itself, as best it can, the nature of what is now happening to destroy it.

As for the tall apartment building perhaps it, too, could go to the country for another lease of life. Certainly for the time being. This now disturbing tall building on city streets might become one of the very first steps toward urban rescue become a greatly improved temporary infirmary for the confirmed "citified" where the tall building in such circumstances might be similar to the one proposed for an apartment tower in the small park of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie in New York City.

This particular tall building was an arrangement in quadruple of thirty-six indestructible airy duplex apartments built and furnished complete as all buildings should be. Apartments stand in a small park of, say, thirty acres or more with particularly easy accommodation for parking the dwellers' cars beneath the ground floor. Playgrounds and the small gardens of each tenant would be alongside on the ground as features of the thirty-six-acre park enabling beneficent absorption into the countryside of the too many children of miseducated city-dwellers.

Such structures would enable many people to go to the country who have grown so accustomed to apartment life under highly serviced conditions as to be unwilling or unable (it is much the same thing) to establish themselves in the free city otherwise.

Prismatic metal and glass shafts rising above greenery, each in its own private park, would be units acceptable in Broadacres. Advantages of the countryside, fresh air, beautiful views, freedom from noise, could all well go to the occupants of such a tall building. And each in-dweller might own

his "apartment." Own it on the improved economic terms of the life he would be living: able to turn the key on his abode and travel without great sacrifice.

Hotels? There would be fewer of them as a matter of course. And each hotel would probably be a group of small cottages conveniently related to a larger unit comprising public rooms for use of all the guests, as seen in better-planned establishments like Arizona Biltmore, or San Marcos in the desert at Chandler, Arizona. These hostelries would probably be found where Nature staged a beautiful show in which they could, by wise building, be well employed for recreation and recuperation. All such hangovers from the old city life, as "the tired businessman," could be thus humanely cared for without destroying too much good landscape.

But a new manifestation of hotel life, one better suited to these tragic urbanite survivals, would be the hotel-on-wheels. The mobile hotel "going places." Made for the purpose.

These new mobilities would be commodious cruisers: cars with sleeping accommodations and cuisine aboard, touring the country. Some of them could be large enough for guest parties. They would cruise from North to South or East to West, stop awhile at places of unique charm or great natural interest, places inaccessible otherwise to the mobilites because of a short season or practical inaccessibility.

With attendant trailers or suitable lorries the mobile house would be found along highways leading to the scenic marvels of great plains or mountain ranges and go where no other hostelry could survive.

Inasmuch as the comfortable nature of transportation is steadily developing in extent everywhere, there is little reason why such mobile hotels should not be profitable as well as comfortable. Some such form was developed by the McArthur brothers at Phoenix, Arizona, and intended to be a feature of the Arizona Biltmore.

If the scheme is feasible for branches of good hotels, why is it not also feasible for a dwelling? Such mobility might be applied to the lakes and streams themselves by way of motorized houseboats radio-equipped, serviced regularly by small boats from shore, each and all designed as charming appropriate features of the waterscape.

Pleasure-seekers, explorers, artists (and even wise men) could have these

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road-traveling or floating barges at moderate cost and live in them with perfect convenience: the modern gypsies. Facilities for superior design would make them more desirable: more sightly than any plane or car is now.

At the householder's will, his motor-house could go about from place to place, linger at mountain or seashore resorts otherwise inaccessible to him, or be found upon suitable rivers or lakes. The nomad once drifted over the desert with his camel and his tent. Under proper control this type of mobility might be added to the others in Usonian life.

The community center?

Of course, every communal center would be a salient feature of every development countryside wherever the county seat might be. The center would be an attractive automobile objective. Perhaps situated just off some major highway in some interesting nook of landscape where views were expansive, nature noble, lovable, and inspiring.

Golf courses, race tracks, the zoo, aquarium, and the planetarium would be found at this communal center. All buildings grouped in good architectural ensemble with good botanical gardens and a practical art museum.

There might be suitable clubs, as a matter of course. But the community center would be the great common club-of-clubs, avoiding commonplace elegance, popular prejudice, the partisan and the conscript. The community center should be liberal, inspiring, general "education factor" because it would be entertainment center. And vice versa. The art gallery now becomes a popular rendezvous, not so much a museum. A morgue no longer. Both grounds and buildings of "the center" would be gradually developed in harmony with each other so that each community-center art gallery would take on individuality. Therefore, why not a work of art? Scattered over the many states, placed at the various county seats of each, the community center would catch, embody, retain, and express the best thought of which growing democracy is capable. No commercial bustle or competitive humdrum there. The more common excitements, from popcorn to highballs, had easily enough along the way at various wayside service stations would be shut out. The more important community center should be a respected, respectful place, quiet for comradeship, inspection,

introspection, and good company. Good drinking and good food? Why not?

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The theater?

Whenever Nature has been raised by art to the level of greater Nature we would find the theater, the people for producer. The theater, now, would be radical, arousing popular emotion: freely inspiring, challenging. Championing human strength and aspiration. The theater would be the old soap-box, yes, the old peep-show but with new opportunity to present life; no longer scenes enacted behind a proscenium. The theater would be a circumstance in the round, somewhat as in the early days of its origin. The stage itself would be cycloramic and panoramic, more and more an automatic machine that would endow the theater with the plasticity the cinema has already taken to itself. The architecture of this feature of the developed civic center, probably placed underground, would be worked out by artists in the new movements built by new use of plastics. Inhabitants of the county would probably be the performers themselves in preference to all others. The present star system would be abolished. But traveling "stars" would be welcome on occasion if either the occasion or the star survived and arrived as such in the changed circumstances.

.

Where desired by the homemaker, cinema, like the theater, having the people for producer, would go from director and camera to every home. Entertainment both as sound and as vision would become something freely imagined, well executed, and continuously distributed by subscription like a circulating library. No censorship! At every community center there would be a continuous series of especially important features both in theater and in cinema. All such features would be liberally *maintained by the community itself*. None such would longer be left to the mercy of any big-production boy or monopoly whatever nor ever again used as a sales agency to put the nation into war or put the huckster in the parlor, or the bedroom. Nor could any secret molders of public opinion, hirelings themselves, ever reach it for any purpose at all.

Meantime great music would mean something more and more to be distributed to the people, like the cinema. Music would also become a vital cultural affair—the culture of the Usonian family at home. The chamber-

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music concert would naturally again become a common pastime at home, growing until it again amounted to a culture beyond mere entertainment. It should be no uncommon accomplishment for children to read music readily, play some wind or stringed instrument well. Universal music culture, like the culture of music in the days of the recorder, should come alive again for us. No piano is enough. Knowledge of music and reading it in score should be as universal a practice as reading books, reading the funnies, the reading of plans or reading the stars.

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

Why does the church no longer lead man but now attempts to follow him? Is this because the church is essentially unsuited to democracy, being by nature some form of hierarchy?

Was that why Jesus opposed churches? Could any abnegation of the spirit in order to keep on good terms with the prevailing practices of the profit motive in this machine age possibly withstand revelations made by science and curiosity aroused by the rising tide of "educated" intelligence?

The "revelations" made by science were only partial. Of course. But the religion of the church, too, was even more partial. The church, as it was, can never thrive in democracy even such as democracy is today. Certainly not as democracy must be in the city of the future. The church will change.

Compromise between success according to present money-getting systems and religion is no longer possible. It is because the compromise has been attempted, from top to bottom, that the church, like the city, is dated. Subject to change. When the church grows more genuinely democratic in spirit; grows more liberal toward men and their faith in themselves as men; grows less concerned with a livelihood and authority for itself as a sectarian institution keeping partisanship, prejudice, and superstition alive; then democracy will want religion back in its true place. And that place will be high up indeed. Probably higher than ever before.

Church architecture, like most college architecture, has been false to its trust for a century at least. The church of democracy—now done with feudal survivals—will find for itself a true form: organic building more

suitable to modern worship. And cultural education, too, in democracy will find the kind of building more suitable to its office than any imitation of Oxford gothic.

Traditional forms, like many traditions themselves, must die in minor forms in order that Tradition may live. To understand that truth is to understand the changing growth that is democracy and make way for the return of worship to the life of the citizen as well as to the character of the nation.

Religion can never die, for it is necessary to good life and work, but after this war the church, we know it now, must be buried. Deep.

And true religion? Assuming that religious sentiment has had opportunity and occasion to survive the Broadway mind and might deepen in the urban citizen's breast by way of the ideal that is building the free city; assuming also that the false sentimentality of the fashionmonger and the calamity of the designedly miseducated has become as oppressive to the popular spirit in enlightened democracy as it always should have been to the church (it certainly would be anathema in social economics or art), the surviving church, in spite of the multiplicity of competing churches, would be likely to take on some nonsectarian form, purely spiritual; a mere devotional form combining intellectual vision (the brilliant light of the West) with more earth-loving and deeper feeling (the more glowing light of the East). Here would be another great—perhaps the greatest of all—opportunity for true symphony; a great human synthesis now seen by all as great architecture. The church in the free city might be one building as a song without words is a song, comprising many churches grouped about a common meeting-place. It is certain, in any case, that the free city church would be a rendezvous for all churches with the very heart of nature. It alone could serve the depths and the breadths of the universal soul. So the church could again become a citizen's refuge and be no less individual in its chosen worship because more profound and comprehensive than ever it was. In these commercial days of spiritual degeneracy the church failed the youth of the world. The church sought to administer partisanship, conscription, and what is called "public opinion" in these strange worn days of the modern skeptic. But complete human harmony might arise again by way of the church and serve to restore or refresh such mortal weariness as ours brought on by such foolish "success." And this

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either in church, private life, in commerce or in Congress. The wily cynic we have been amused by in this present rancid skeptic age; our own ultrasophisticated servility; national pessimism of this machine age: all this needs spiritual recreation that can only be found in free exercise of renewed faith: man's faith in man himself—faith in democracy. Faith could be renewed by faithful living and honest working for a great ideal. Theology can never again be anything to teach. Never be anything but troublesome pettifoggery. The Broadacre City cathedral, unhistorical plastic place for fusion of all that is best in historical religions, would be the greatest single wonder feature of Broadacres City. Worship would again become more nearly universal because erected once more in modern times by and for the free spirit of individual man, not built by individuals but by all the churches in order to promote in terms of a properly tempered and well-directed machine-age life a more organic sense and a finer sensibility concerning what it is that constitutes a growing man's democratic establishment. Religion should promote firmer faith in the nobility and beauty of which human nature is divinely capable when once men are truly free. Yes, the cathedral could become again, and upon more noble terms, the potent protector and independent pilot of human conscience for a whole people. The church, then, would have no quarrel with science. Science would need the church, and great art would understand (as, indeed, would all of philosophy) the science of man from within, without which no man is free.

Hospitals? Free.

The present hospital, efficient and humane as it sometimes is, is usually much too large. Through no fault of its own, the hospital has fallen to too obvious imitation of the great institution. Broadacre hospitals would be sanitarium and sanatorium in one. Several or more sunlit clinics would be connected together in, say, some natural or artfully made gracious, park-like garden. Each building would be especially planned for privacy instead of the much too much generality of the general hospitals we already have. Homelike quarters would be so arranged in them (and of them) that no disabled or sick person need ever see another disabled or sick person, unless he so willed. The resources of modern therapeutics, surgery, and medicine would be in their places just as the plumbing, electric lighting,

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and heating of the home are all now a part of the modern house. But none would be visible as fixtures or features.

In short, the emphasis in the new hospital should be on normality, not on the paraphernalia of abnormality. Death's head shows at once in the present hospital: grins there incessantly at any and every unfortunate victim. Why is a hospital not as humane in practical, asesthetic effect as it is humane in purpose? And yet our hospitals are the most effective and well-managed units found in the present cities. But in Broadacres hospital service would be rendered to the people by the people. At cost? No. Free.

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The soul with knowledge but without right practice is likely to fester.

Education! What is education? Can that man be considered educated who cannot read the documents that make everything that is made for him or around him what and how it is? In other words, cannot read the drawings called "plans and details." Fundamental plan-reading should begin early and be an early essential to all children. Fundamental reading of a music score is also essential for all children. To draw and color the drawing is as natural and desirable. Friederich Froebel's method was nearest right for the development of creative children of any known system of child culture we have.

And what man can be considered educated who knows nothing of the properties of line and color or of the chemistry of soil and plants or of the food he puts into his stomach or of the chemistry of his own bodily functions? Is any man "educated" who knows nothing of the underlying principles of aesthetics as well as the physics or form, sound, and color that co-ordinated is Architecture? He is not. When left to the mercy of his mere "tastes," he is like some ship with no rudder—sailing uncharted seas. The science and art of structure is not basic in his education. Therefore, his education is a liability not an asset.

Can that man be considered educated who knows nothing of the cosmic rhythms of sun, moon, and stars; nothing of the effect they have upon *him* in whatever he does, in his planting, reaping, or breeding, his dancing, singing, or building?

Until this groundwork of education is first acquired, do not speak of

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specializations. They should no longer be much encouraged anyway. There are enough partialities to fill all the pigeonholes in the capitalist bureaus of this mechanized nation now: there are already enough cogs ready for capitalist wheels; already enough tickets to a square meal (called employables) to add up to one grand frustration. They all make violent partisans: most excellent conscripts!

General education for life in the free city should be sufficient for life-experience at what is now high-school age.

The university? Well . . . no youth should be allowed to enter one until he has given not only unmistakable evidence of his interest in universality but evidence of some gift of perception that would make further research among the divine mysteries a good investment not only for him but for society.

Who would be the judges?

Well, who should be "judges" in a genuine democracy? Some form of institutional bureaucracy? Never. The eternal fitness of things has pretty well gone down to hell along that road. The people?

Yes, the people. They would now be those *fundamentally* educated, and by intimate daily association they would know their fellows pretty well for what they were and therefore be qualified to select them.

It is senseless to speak of democracy where no faith is placed in the man and only the "expert" is right. The expert? In any genuine democracy, were education adequate, the "expert" would be kept in a cage as some abnormality to be publicly exhibited as a warning: a "stop sign."

Yes, the three R's do need deepening. They need much broadening all down the line, too, if we are ever to make such democracy as we have honest and be able to hold up our heads when and wherever we go to broadcast it.

No more "Information—please." Better, turn the quiz master over to monkeys at the zoo.

Man is man because he is no longer monkey or beast of prey.

The university?

Many of us are beginning to realize that our universities are not universities at all. Highly specialized they are, but they are the mass product, by

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specialists, of specialists in book knowledge. As the antennae of insect is feeler for the life of that insect, so the modern university will someday be antennae for the life-line of the society in which it belongs, and the university will be independently able to freely communicate its "findings" to growing citizenry. The university should function as the vision of its society with the courage of many an honest radical's conviction and master the deeper study of organic law. That mastery should continually be its primary concern, even though the convictions might be in conflict. Perhaps especially when so. A true university strives to deepen and preserve such ideals and underlying principles as are organic. The university must be the very life-line of the society which it exists but to serve.

Situated in quiet retreats appropriate to reflection and concentration upon these deeper concerns of the mind by the student and master, there, endowed by the people, would be these various rendezvous for certain small groups of mature, well-developed individuals that experience had tested and the wisdom of the people has brought to light as light. All would be put to work together in storehouses for the consequences of universal art and science, typical stores of all that mankind has produced in art, philosophy, and multiplicity of the sciences. Books, drawings, and models would be available for particular free study by advanced students chosen to reside there because of their abilities, but more especially because of unmistakable *qualities*.

No longer much of the "professor." Oh, no. Nor any "examining." No. No standardizing of any kind. Instead of the "professor" there would be only the several father-confessors (it being now safe to elect them by popular vote) to lead in university research. Say one such fellow chosen by the scientists; one chosen by the artists, and one by philosophers, one chosen by the poets of each state, respectively. These elected leaders would be supreme in the university. And if one could be found, a statesman should, of course, be added to the group. But he would be in a different case now: less a politician more a philosophic metaphysician. The best would be freely chosen by the best. They would not be chosen by the "average" but by people soon cultured from within and from the ground up and qualified to judge themselves for others.

All other fellows, for cause, would be accepted by the elected father-confessors. Such fellows freely employed in research concerning such con-

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flicting matters of the social soul as they might elect to work upon. But this freedom would be no privilege extended to the novice. Only those who gave proof of inner growth, universal in some one of the qualities or departments of human life, should be accepted in any university either to enlighten others or to study.

Somewhat like the old monastic institution? Yes, only now inexorably deepened, broadened, uplifted, and liberalized; its radical culture made free of "influences": protected by the people themselves from all "pressures" or interferences whatsoever. Thus would be the true democratic *university*; true universality definitely related to social progress by well-equipped technical research. No mere preparation, this, for teaching or for practicing anything at all anywhere. "Vocation" should be no feature of any true university. But the characteristic vocational training practiced as higher education in this "capitalistic" educational system of ours should be renounced or cut back to other uses. But all this, at the top, would come along slowly in education—even in freedom like that of Broadacre City. It is so much harder for us to debunk and delimit the sacred institutions of "learning" than any of our other institutions, although none need go down to *roots* so much.

The word "radical" means "of the *root*." Broadacre universities would be only afraid *not* to go to the root with all honest competent radicals from the beginning of time to tomorrow.

Public schools?

More and more capable teachers. Always smaller and smaller flocks! This phase of decentralizing should be the natural aim in education. For the common-school period ending in high school is the organic integration of the nation-wide city challenging centralization as universal or "compulsory" education.

The *big* American knowledge factory, the *big* school, the *big* anything was more and more a self-defeating institution. How like one of the factories of our own industrial revolution our schoolhouses look as one passes them going through American towns and villages! Utterly unimaginative as they are wrong, they look, if possible, more spiritually impotent than even a good factory! How many prison-houses for the Western mind Greek abstractions taught there have become. Hand-picked and machine-

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embroidered capitalist morals not on speaking terms with ethics, antique Roman law, and pseudo-Greek philosophy. Nothing of vital art; science alone retaining some factual (and now tyrannical) values. Bookology is really a craft: the craft which the popular knowledge-factory indorses, knows as the beginning and keeps on discovering as the end. But—the high school is better than the college!

First of all, any culture center which might be called a school in the universal city would be set in some natural park carefully chosen in the choicest part of the whole countryside; preferably by some flowing stream or large body of fresh water. The building itself should not only be small as a whole, but that "small" be again divided into still smaller units so far as possible. All the buildings should be fashioned of metals and glass or of other fireproof native materials; all buildings universally adapted to the uses of young life growing up in sunlight to cherish the ground as its native birthright. Divided into small buildings, each "school" might contain fifteen to twenty-five children. Forty children would make a large "school." A gymnasium and common hall or room in common, a modeling and drafting-room and a kitchen-dining-room both in one would be characteristic units. Groups of three or four buildings would be arranged for their particular purpose around an interior or exterior court. Standardization would be here, again, but so used that it would be given even more individual treatment. Enough ground for flower and vegetable beds would be planted and maintained by young workers alongside the courts where they could conveniently be worked in by the children: a callous on the palm would become a mark of honor. Rewards of merit would entirely change as would the character of the children receiving them. Large game and play spaces should be just beyond the courts and gardens. Each young worker would learn of the potentialities and mysteries of the soil not only by working on it and working in it, but he would be educating his hand to draw or model or color what he saw anywhere else equally well; learn to listen to music in the nature sounds of wind in the trees, water flowing and falling. Animal cries. Learn by experience to be modern-minded because to be truly modern-minded is to be eye-minded. True observers are needed by democracy! The cultural building of this city-that-is-a-nation should be developed by architects who were themselves thus educated as children. The architects would be free as cultured works of art are free

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in themselves. Of first importance always would be quality. Quality always the aim throughout. No longer quantity first.

To learn to observe with clear-seeing eye and draw well what is observed would civilize certain faculties now dormant, but, more important, it would be the intimate approach to the general study of all Nature structure. That study which we call abstraction. And all abstraction is a kind of study of architecture. It would be that kind of research, going in behind the mere appearances for significant pattern, that would inspire the growing design faculty of the young designer. He would be characteristic of the free city.

Perfect correlation of faculties of the human being (actual and potential) would constitute the most important quest in Broadacre City education. Eye and hand, body and what we call the mind thus becoming more and more sensitive to Nature; more appreciative of integral rhythms, the very life of the soul itself.

In beautiful sunlit buildings thus organized, the everyday child of everyday Broadacres would be designing by working in many ways everyday. The child would be preparing food and learning how best and when to eat it. How to charmingly serve it to others. Learning meantime, not only to see accurately by learning to draw what he saw but gradually taking steps to qualify himself to *build* organic buildings for the new freedom. That would be life in Broadacre schools. Youth learning how to make two blades of grass grow where one, or none, grew before; seeing the spirit of that act as democracy coming alive! Spiritually and physically Broadacre boys and girls would become coefficients of a *naturally* creative humanity. Individualities capable of intelligent co-operative individualship would be thus growing up, not mistaking personality for individuality except on pain of general reproof. All would be learning the most important of all lessons: learning to know the difference between the curious and the beautiful. Where to draw the line between them.

To children thus developing individual responsibility in freedom, one teacher to a group of from fifteen to forty pupils or apprentices would be neither too low nor too high an average. And if they were able to inspire teeming young individuality, teachers should be the best-paid workers in the city—they would have to be the best-qualified human beings themselves. The teacher in the free city—should the city wish to remain free—

would be the most important member of society. Preferred stock. Again quality above all quantity. No price for improved quality should be too high to be cheerfully paid by the people.

Thus in outline the many smaller school buildings of Broadacres would be. Ten such organic units for every single inorganic big one that is attempting to function in factory-like buildings on hard pavements today in overgrown cities. Or in those experimental new schools either built on the model of the circus with changes of form but no change in thought (or crowding) except to exaggerate and continue the fiction of a "happy childhood." Children trained to happily accept the subsequent blessings of employment sink as contented wage-slaves into the cash-and-carry system with the proper gratitude to professional systematizers.

THE DESIGN CENTER

In Broadacres the machine exists (in the only way it should exist) in certain centers as the great means of experiment to a greater end in order to increase flexibility and utility in every important machine craft or trade. It would be in practical use in the factories or at home. By way of capable operators, machinery of the various crafts would be put into the hands of young students of organic structure—young architects, yes—as the best means for experimental experience. Reluctantly I admit that to put the machine or for that matter any modern tool of our future civilization into the hands of a body of young students means the equivalent of some kind of "school." Naturally—and unfortunately—such would be called an "art school"; but one in which competent interpreters chosen by foregathering apprentices themselves would be actually allied to the varied industries they would learn to serve, with fresh impetus, appropriate patterns. These style centers (we might call them so) would stand as inspiration to a hive of characteristic industries: be inspiration and an influence spreading to ever growing younger talent in the everyday design problems of mass production continually arising on every hand in every new city of the democratic age. In these circumstances rare expressions of individuality might, all along the way, become something valuable to cherish as works of art.

Sensitive, unspoiled students (they are to be found in our country) thus

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rescued from this unqualified "education machine" that America itself is becoming would, in the new free city, be put in touch with the varied techniques of many a commercial industry. Chosen by them. Naturally there would be numerous workshops in these style centers equipped with latest modern machinery as it appeared for use. Each center should be adequately endowed for special research by the principal industries themselves. The style center would be a work place where talented young designers would remain indefinitely domiciled, spending the better part of each day working in the shops or out upon inspirational, recreative soil itself, or both alternately, in a way of life which contented them. Machinery-using crafts making useful myriads of "things" might discover through such experimental centers new possibilities existing in the nature of many a particular craft that present industries know little or nothing about. And might never discover for themselves. In such fellowship as this it would be the turn of fine art to serve the machine in order that machinery might better serve the man. Broadacres demands a better developed culture of a more appreciative United States which we are calling Usonia.

Let us say that several branches of our characteristic industrial arts might be taken for a beginning. A certain number should be grouped together for the reason that they react upon one another often to the great advantage of each just as young craftsmen should be interchangeable in the crafts in order to broaden their experience and widen their sources of inspiration.

Let us mention glassmaking, textiles, pottery, sheet metals, wood-working, casting in metal, printing and process reproductions. In the changed circumstances of society each industry should be willing to donate machinery, supply a competent machinist, and, to a certain extent, be eager to endow its own craft, provided that the various industries were certain of the proper management of such endowment and that they were assured of a share in the results: results directly applicable to their own industry. Sharing in benefits of design by designers adapted to the donor's particular field should be incentive enough for donations. And also the reward.

Such experimental centers intelligently conducted and inspired would do much to reclaim and vitalize all industry. "Industry" might soon make Usonian lives really independent, less imitative of the culture of any for-

eign country. Consumption once in control of production, by international example to all countries, our own endeavor would not only help work out our own form with style but with independence that would enable us to contribute to and profit by the form and style of other countries as well without imitating them. Imitation should be strictly *out*, because inspiration would be largely *in*. Now, as an architect, I see no reason why experiment centers of this character—many thousands of them—each center confined to fifty workers, preferably less, should not make their own good, abundant living while producing valuable articles as examples to help carry on the growth of organic style throughout the entire world. Each article so produced would have the quality of a work of art. A work of art that could not fail to be a genuine missionary wherever it would go and to whom and however it might go.

Inspirational work places such as these would culture, naturally, the democratic life of such aristocracy as that of the free city. Aristocracy? Because democracy is the highest known form of aristocracy, wherever democracy is really known. Highest because not privileged but innate.

All style centers would be located on sufficient land so that three or four hours a day of physical work on the soil would not only help insure the living of the workers and such visiting or resident artist-workers as might be heads of the work group but by correlation of the faculties would stimulate imagination. Say six or seven hours each day to design and work in the shops. Creative imagination would also be stimulated by physical labor in gaining experience in the construction of buildings thus designed. Voluntary co-operation of the entire design establishment in the day-to-day way of life would be a necessary objective. Well-directed work in such circumstances would have real producing power. Each month a supply of usefully beautiful things would be ready for the roadside markets. Subsequent educational influence upon the consumer and producer by means of pamphlets, brochures, books, as well as good design in tapestries, table linen, new cotton fabrics, clothing, table glassware, flower holders, lighting devices, window glass, mosaic, necklaces, screens, iron standards, fixtures, gates, fences, fireirons, enameled metals for house or garden purposes, cast in aluminum, copper, lead, tin; practical flowerpots, architectural flower containers on a large scale, water jars, dishes, sculpture, paintings for decoration suitable for reproduction; designs for all new

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media of decorative value, new process reproduction and mimeograph; music plays; designs in monograph or brochure for dwellings, farm buildings, and industrial buildings. Or what else have we? Say, new solutions of characteristic new problems like the gasoline station, better food packaging for immediate distribution or storage, town and country cottages, airplanes, trains, automobiles, and suitable objects for the complete furnishings of all of them. Landscape planting of the vicinity would come first. Factories, too, of so many sorts would all come to the country and be attractive, well-designed features of everyday life. They would be fitted into the countryside as attractive places in which to work and even to live in. Or to live near by; near by according to the new scale of time-spacing would be, say, ten miles.

Style-center group stations growing in this way might well broadcast interesting culture programs, issue monographs or brochures illustrating pertinent phases of government, city life, and work. They would be devoted to landscape study or the practice and promotion of soil and timber conservation; general and specific mass landscape-planting, and, of course, inveterate town-planning and better houses. In short, these culture stations would be inspired hives of *creative* energy all bearing on modern industry where industry touched the common life. Without hesitation or equivocation let's say that architects and architecture would, necessarily, again become the natural backbone as well as the broad essential background of cultural endeavor. As it should be. It ever was so whenever civilization was a superior culture. Organic architecture is basic because it is the essential art of structure. In our modern times it must be strong and essential as it was ever strong and indispensable to civilization in the best of ancient times. It is increasingly desirable to keep insisting that architecture, because of its very nature, is the logical background and framework as well as the philosophic and aesthetic center-line of any truly democratic civilization. Or else no culture can be made characteristic or can ever develop the essential inner discipline and natural strength essential to the true democratic ideal.

Cultural style centers wherever located should become practical alcoves in connection with organized extension college courses in agrarian practices as well as in the practice of art and architecture, philosophy, arche-

ology, and ecology. Nature study would be the broad platform from which it would all spring. Not so important where these centers were placed, if they were sufficiently isolated in beautiful country. By the new time-scale they should not be too easy of access. But all should have ample communication facilities with each other and, on occasion, with the whole city. Their thought as their work progressed would be going out over the air to the whole people.

No examinations, graduations, or diplomas if you please. But as soon as a fellow showed special competence as apprentice in any special branch of art, science, or industry or unusual aptitude in any of the crafts, he would be available as teacher in Broadacre schools: or for a place as designer in commercial industry. City manufacturers contributing to such experimental work would have second right to choose the more excellent ones. These bodies of young inspirational talent as well as associated experienced trade-machinists should be of such character that outside students in other schools in the many other branches of the city would seek points of contact with their work by way of excursions made to the style centers. Such contacts might not only be helpful to the designers but invaluable to Broadacre schools themselves.

Now, such active work-units, were they to be definitely dedicated and directly applied to the radical culture of indigenous style in the making and the building of our appropriate city would stimulate the growth of that city as light would stimulate the growth of a garden. Officialdom would change its character entirely, if indeed it could continue to function as such.

TIME IS NOW

USONIANS! Your pioneer days are not over! Perhaps pioneer days are never, should never, be over. But the frontier has shifted! All too efficient, our American forebears took life in their hands and in "covered wagons" went ever westward to clear strange grand new ground for human habitation. But they only blazed the way for another, unexpected, more terrible instrument of efficiency that, by way of their "rugged" individualism, became exaggeration of their own great qualities and, unchecked, only grew on into this curse of exaggerated capitalistic centralization. As a consequence the inane profanity we now see that came out of it to push the life of the civilian around, we may now hope to again see *aground*. The courageous strength of our grand-paternal pioneers was native forerunner of the type of domination that today we see building its own mortal monument, the skyscraper—milestone and gravestone in the cemeteries that are our proudest present cities. The skyscraper thus marks the end of an epoch! The end of the plutocratic republic of America. The industrial revolution that raised it by selfish inconsiderate prowess has run away. It is running away *from* the West to the East. And it has run away *with* the man of the West himself. Industrial revolution has crossed the Pacific and the Atlantic. Perhaps such capitalist centralization by machinery as ours will do to the "yellow man" what it has already done to the "white man." That would be our only hope in the impending future war which Nature herself has staged—the coming war between Occident and Orient: East and West, yellow and white. It is our hope that, before that time, the machine may have done to the yellow man what it did to the white man.

The white men must pioneer again along a new frontier: decentralization! The true course for democracy. Therefore decentralization will be

met on every side by encumbrances, the widows and orphans, the aged, intrenched, scheming political interference, insidious hidden social dangers of ostracism and disgrace. These are there in full force to be again painfully cleared away by pioneers of today working for a more honest, constructive success-ideal for human powers. Organic culture for the free citizen in the nation that is the free city depends upon that new ideal. Excess "success," reactionary and tragic, must be transformed into long-promised opportunity for the artifex or we will have lost all wars worth winning on this earth. Why, then, should our men and women, because of some profit system such as we have practiced after the British, be longer compelled to live according to the baser qualities of their natures? Why not resolve to work patiently for a more simple, natural-basis right side up for a man to live by and enough to live upon according to his better self? And, in doing so, the nation not only survives but helps enable all the world to really thrive and be at the same time the only impregnable "defense."

If "pioneering" on this new frontier should come down to again merely scraping off the too-full bushel while ignoring the legalized industrial impositions that continually overfill it, then the tinker is the best maker, imitators the best creators, and vicarious power the best power of which we as a people are longer capable. But on that basis, infallibly, we are the tail end of a civilization! The *end*, not the middle nor even the beginning of one. And the statesmanship which we require is a scientific art we of these United States have lost to that promise-merchant—the current politician!

A statesman is naturally the competent architect and pilot of an organic social order. No politicians such as ours today can, therefore, be statesmen today. The reforms they propose (sometimes they are effected) by the present political propaganda of our promiscuous governing powers are little more than petty shifts to and fro in the complex rules intended to regulate and standardize the plutocapitalist in his money-getting game by repudiating the citizens: makeshifts tried so many times before and in so many civilizations only to fail miserably in defeat and be destroyed by suicidal arrogance such as ours.

No sensible interpretation, either economic or spiritual, of our changed circumstances as we stand in these modern conditions on the new frontier

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has yet been conceived. Or, if conceived, has not been contrived and fairly tried. As a great people with a great ideal we have been stultified or betrayed by our ignorance. And mostly by ourselves. We are ruthlessly invading other countries simply because we have lost the meaning of our own, however we may pretend to be scared or eager to "liberate" other nations. Face it! We are unable to recognize or intelligently meet the changes due to the laws of our own growth. Our own great nation is a neglected back yard from coast to coast. We do not understand important organic changes which are taking place in our own behalf. We have not learned to practice, much less "defend," what we call, without real comprehension, democracy. And we only imagine we are defending our "interests," whereas the only impregnable human defense we have on earth is faith in our own actual, unafraid performance of honest democracy here at home. So we go to war after war. In order to go to more war some other day.

And yet, in any enlightened mind, is there serious question as to the right-mindedness and good instincts of humankind when and wherever humanity, thus *disciplined from within by an ideal*, is free? In what, then, does equitable freedom in a developing, already overgrown and underdone society such as ours consist? Let us freely discuss such malady and seek the probable remedy in the underlying basis of all growth and decay. That basis is organic law. Only in that search may we discuss the order of freedom as a natural order and discuss the natural order of economics and the causes of war as intelligently and frankly as we discuss biology, for instance. Then, I believe, fundamental democracy to which we profess to dedicate our national life would come right side up for us and soon. Facing ourselves, we must ask ourselves the right questions. We must add up these new forces of vast machine and money power which we of the West have recklessly released upon the world and instead of relentlessly going to war make both powers go to work for humanity, not in the work of a new Old World continuing the dated work these forces are now doing so desperately against both ourselves and the New World—but go to work first for the integrity of ourselves. Then, when our feet are well under us, work *with* the world, not upon it.

First ask ourselves this: In what lies the true significance to life in this

country of ours wherein machine power has grown to be the brutalizing, sordid, destructive factor it is? When clearly distinguished from life in various other forms of the social contract, in what (really) does human honor and true machine efficiency now—at this time—consist? Where and as we now live, how can we use that vicarious power of the machine here at home and continue to grow as human beings?

What is good sense? Incidentally, how would a *natural* economic order touch us here at home as the orthodox money-matter now stands? Organic law teaches that we can hammer heated iron but not a stick of dynamite. We need much more serious study of that organic law now everywhere so completely ignored by money and land in our nation's life. And we have too much of the blinding imitation of the sanctified externalities of ancient Roman law by way of Oxford and Cambridge.

If we are to face ourselves and ask ourselves these questions aright, we must patiently investigate the present uneconomic basis of our life, such as it is, and learn *why* it has no organic foundation and therefore is unsafe. Why has it had no organic foundation all down the line and must lead to war? We must reinterpret significant facts of our own history assembled and interpreted by those radicals familiar with the nature of the roots as well as the character of money. We must learn why our orthodox money system is inorganic superstructure ignorant of foundations. No foundation at all! We must take pains to patiently learn why it is needless, enormous, and dangerous waste. Just as we must learn why the classic architecture we have adapted or adopted is four-fifths false, inartistic waste! We must realize why anything inorganic may have sporadic increase but *can never reproduce for lives as life*. We must know why wherein and in whatever of our circumstances the complete correlation essential to organic growth is so lacking that nothing can really grow from within either for us or in us or by us.

Only entity lives and can reproduce! That is why capitalist centralization is no longer expansion of humane opportunity but fatal contradiction. The contradiction is growing. It is now a strong arm of wrong heads; a stricture having no interior expanding principle of its own; no real life from within. None whatsoever. The manifold "efficiencies" of that so-called "system" all pig-pile, too involved to function for man's own good. Involution incapable of true evolution.

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To all this false stricture human life in these United States is thoughtlessly and narrowly committed. Lives in a democracy can be committed to centralism such as ours only to degenerate. History has the proof. If we persist, we too must die as such commitments ever do.

So long as our present uneconomic system is inorganic, no matter how gigantic and all pervasive it may be for the time being, the social system of our life must remain even more so. Therefore, our philosophy, our art, and our religion must remain as they all are: helpless. Parasitic! Our "foreign policies" must remain as blind and tragic as they are. Our domestic politics will continue to be confused and futile. Our statesmanship in the light of any honest interpretation of democracy misleading: inadequate. Our true status quo always lies hidden from us in some form of conscription. Somewhere. Where? That is something we must find out.

For the same reason fortunes, with us, are largely false.

We have drifted so far away from our valiant original intent, our democratic ideal, into so many ignoble forms of selfishness and such inane exaggerations of self which we call power, that by the very forces we have elevated for hire we are being drawn inward and downward toward impotence! Thoughtless uses of increasing vicarious power and too credulous faith in the substitute—both are exercised chiefly to make more money as power. Yet money power is itself only another vicarious power and so it, too, must vanish. While the sources of money from abroad are seen as more important to us than the sources of life at home, what of such power, my industrialist? The cartels will yet get you, Mr. Power Man. Soon, if you don't watch out! And meantime where are *we*?

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD

What perversion of the principles of democracy to allow land to hold all improvements made by the man who lived upon and loved the land and who, by means of the improvements he himself made, makes good use of the land? And what folly to have turned the credit, existing only by way of the people of a great nation, over to an exalted middleman exercising broker's takings: the banker's banking system? What tragic finality for the industrial revolution to have turned the man himself over to the machine itself as only another kind of machinery—all done in order to

obtain and maintain money power that proves now to be only fictitious power except as war-master and waster of humane quality.

By means of borrowed culture and this specious middleman we have now reached a dubious era: the era of the substitute. We have reached degradation wherein all is more or less makeshift. Our very best can be no more, at best, than adventitious! We ourselves can be no more than just that, too, so long as the basis upon which life as architecture and architecture as life must function has no natural, that is to say, no organic, economic foundation at all. And if not fundamentally strong there at the root, how can life ever be genuinely itself? Free. As things are, the valiant special-man among us is, alone, free . . . but even so he is free only at his own peril!

As things were and are still more so, honest loyal freedom is growing, the desperate, dangerous adventure for any man. As things are, such discipline as I have described as developed from within: expressions of the soul of the man himself instead of being something externally applied to him by a police force in some form will only make any freedom the man can know something on his way to the poorhouse. Or to jail.

Nevertheless, observing the principles of organic architecture at work with law-abiding respect for the law of natural change in the way-of-life of this most successful of all peoples, comes this tentative outline for a universal city—a city designed to actually harness and utilize for men the terrific blind forces that built the present whirling vortex from the top down and is now artificially maintaining artificiality, regardless. Why still hope for world supremacy from the top down?

Who can be more than tolerant of reform? True form we seek now. No such form will ever be made actual by any alteration upon any old architecture we have or upon any old order we have cherished. The true forms modern life so desperately needs can only grow up from within the nature of our common life as we should continue to live it on our own soil. Evolution? Perhaps. But because of human stupidity probably revolution after revolution. As nature herself grows forms so human nature—her higher nature (we must think)—must always grow them; roots deeply nourished in subsoil. West and East eventually reconciled to work together. The light of the West is the light of the diamond, iridescent like

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the stars: the light of the East is like that of colored gems burning with the lovely-light of Earth.

I believe we have earned enough sorrow from the wrongly concentrated specializings that characterize this exaggerated centralism of ours in this mechanized era to go now with renewed faith, beneath all suffering stricture, go to the root, as radicals, and design the structure of a characteristic national form. A form less dishonest and profane. To succeed we must commence this radical work square with a fresh perception of nature's organic laws. Therefore we will work with the beneficent laws of organic growth-change wherever or in whatever we find them to be. In architecture we call this native principle "continuity." It is also an equalization of human opportunity that features and emphasizes freedom of the individual as individual. That freedom is what genuine democracy guarantees! Why, then, try to stand longer against the inevitable law of organic change in whatever form it presents itself?

To have and to hold! Yes. To have and to hold is all well enough when having and holding square with nature. But both "having and holding" are utterly disastrous if not fatal to life when giving and taking *against* nature. What I am writing here is directly in line with the laws of normal continuity (organic change) that I as architect have observed at work not only in and upon the materials of construction in buildings but also upon our national and spiritual life throughout the vast undeveloped reaches of our undeveloped, unexploited country. A vast country—yes. And, relatively, in the light of this organic ideal, a vast undeveloped back yard from coast to coast and from border to border.

Time now, then, for the important runaway machine factor we have been discussing as new to be recognized as merely the scaffolding of that civilization we have fervently desired. Unfortunately, we have gone so far wrong, so far afield, as to mistake that scaffolding for civilization itself! This brutal machine force and the sterilizing vicarious powers that follow in its train are the chosen factors of destruction because the soul of the artifex is dying or absent now in all our "construction." Such vital forces of social construction have had so little, and are receiving no intelligent national recognition in our present desperate plight. Machine-age culture (it is the elevation of the ground plan of our plight) affords no recognition of any force really creative! Nothing above the animal sort to which we have

too hastily committed our present lives. Our present commitment to brute force cannot reproduce from seed because the true greatness of a people does not, cannot, lie in wealth and science promoted and distinguished from profound art and religion misused to make war or a vicarious way of life.

But I must confess that adventitious money-increment temporarily derived from exaggerated centralization used as incentive put upon human effort has not been utterly wasted. Mechanical forces of our machine age have been more rapidly developed than would ever have been the case otherwise. But that may only mean more imminent disaster at this point where they are now running away with the man. But these material gains might be consciously utilized in the objective *structure* of our social state: in all our economics, our morals, and especially now—in our aesthetics. But the time has gone by when such questionable “advantages” as those which centralization has brought to our manhood and our country can justify the immense cost of such “efficiencies” where the future of our commonwealth as a form of good democratic life for independent citizens is immediately concerned.

The time has come to awaken to whatever true spiritual significance these new resources may have where humanity (our own) is so pitifully in distress. Or else we will leave on record only the shortest life of any civilization yet attempted. Sordid slavery to the machine of material life employed in the name of democracy and democracy itself are fast growing wide apart. As they stand here today, they are bound together only to destroy each other, whereas, by way of each other, they are capable of new and vital forms in the light of modern art, religion, and science. But only so were science qualified by art and were religion truly reconciled to both. Denied the co-operation and inspiration of vital new art forms, human misery will only descend and deepen as it has. Always. Destruction must fall on our experiment as destruction fell upon the centralisms of the Renaissance we so vainly copied. Original sources of our expedient inspiration now in ruins.

The setting sun all Europe mistook for dawn!

And our phase of civilization?

Well . . . believe this inwardly. We must openly, outwardly recognize (and use!) the good in these strange new forms now thrusting against our

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still more characteristic base imitations (whether the imitation be conscious or unconscious) of any dead form that has resulted in the ugly mask now trying to hide the lack of any significant form at all.

Why is education unable to recognize (or unwilling to face) the *fact* that in these mechanical agencies, conscientiously enumerated here, we must turn about to subdivide overgrown aggregates of machine power; we must turn about to abolish the invisible despotism of money power and advocate the radical revision of governing power. We must make the revisions necessary to release and encourage human initiative, help broaden, world-wide, the *voluntary* basis of our own native manpower. We must fortify the conscience of the man and defend it as inviolate in democracy.

Education must recognize, patiently gather, and build up again these manly attributes of character that are individuality and which this machine age is destroying. Why does education not enlist to reintegrate in appropriate modern time-scale these gigantic forces which we must learn to see and use as the universal condition of the individual freedom which we profess to desire but which, wishfully enough (but thoughtlessly), too many among us still persist in calling democracy? Why must education completely ignore the fact that *democracy is the very gospel of individuality*? Why must education (like all government) continue to so deeply distrust man? Is it simply because science can give no faith in man to mankind but can only take it away? Or is it because without any great depth of art nor the deep emotion of true religion—education is itself a bankrupt?

FOR DEMOCRACY

The free city . . . is it a dream? Perhaps. A vision certainly. Ideas always precede and prefigure facts. But all I am writing is no more than the outline of a feasible practical ideal already in process of becoming. A change already coming over us. Phases as well as phrases must come to an end. The graphic or plastic arts and fine art must come in at this point to aid in showing you just what the universal city and its buildings might look like. The different buildings I have been describing here have already been given either actual or graphic (the drawing) or three-dimensional (the model) form. But I believe that, to begin with, a general outline of any ideal is better than any specific plan or model of any particular

feature. An ideal once clearly fixed in the mind as idea and the plan will come gradually but naturally enough. Fresh undertakings will now appear and proceed from generals to particulars with the necessary techniques peculiar to each and all. That every true idea must develop its own technique afresh is tragic! Nevertheless, it is true. And we must remember that the higher the ideal, the more important is the technique.

To the impatient reader and to all eclectics who have come along thus far, these too broad, angry outlines of a free city may seem to be only one more "Utopia" to join so many harmless beautiful dreams that come and go like glowing fireflies in July meadows. But I am not trying to prove a case. My interest lies simply in sincerely appraising in our own behalf the elemental changes I have seen coming. There is plenty of evidence at hand to substantiate all the changes outlined here. At least here you have an architect's conscientious study of organic structure based upon manifest change and the experience of one lifetime at least in trying to get organic architecture to come alive as the true-form-of-building for democracy—therefore for us. An architect's struggle (so it is) in these United States lies in trying to get that profound study into good form. I am seeing and saying that organic architecture is the only possible architecture for democracy. It is. Democracy itself will some day realize that life itself is organic architecture, or else both architecture and mankind are vanity together.

There can be no doubt whatever that as a people we are too busy sacrificing the greater usefulness and the only happiness we can ever know to put our all into the baser, lesser "efficiencies" of this machine age. As an architect I see it useless to go on further working for the mechanisms of machinery for the machine lord and his lady (as they stand) with sane hope for any sound general basis for any great future for the culture of our nation. Or for culture as of this world. Any noble life would demand a noble architecture for noble men: the lack of it means what it has always meant. Ignoble civilization. Imminent downfall.

The true center (the only centralization allowable) in Usonian democracy, is the individual Usonian home. In that we have the nuclear building which we must learn how to build. Integration is vitally necessary. Differentiation, too, is just as necessary. Free individual choice is what the home should especially cherish: free choice eventually based upon a greater range of possible freedom, greater range for such individual choice in

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the specific daily cultivation of the basic principles of fine art as well as such daily uses as we make of science. Religion? No less!

Luxury (it, *too*, should be a matter of individuality) would enter the democratic social sense as gratification of more and more developed human *sensibility*. Exuberance is beauty? Yes. But since liberty is not licence, exaggeration is certainly not beauty. So every true home would be bound to grow from within in dignity and spiritual significance: *grow* by the right concept of democracy into a great pervasive social well-being: *grow* out of one's own good ground and one's better self into everybody's light and not in anybody's way. Not every man's home his "castle"! No, but every man's home his appropriate space in spaciousness; his own sunlit sward or wood or strand enhancing all others. No less but more than ever a refuge for the expanding spirit of a man as an individual. Such should home be for the citizen in Usonian democracy. In *his own home* this Broad-acre citizen would be not only inviolate but impregnable. He would be indestructible! At this time he would be the only true exponent of a man's true relation to his fellow-men. As he should stand, he *is* his fellow-man. He *is* his country. He would naturally inculcate high ideals in others by practicing them, within and upon himself. He would insist only upon the same opportunity for others to do the same. External compulsion never was more than weakness continually breeding weaknesses or weaklings. This Usonian homemaker of Broadacres has learned to know all this so well that he himself practices the knowledge instinctively in his every act, not only to the benefit of others who come in contact with him but as something in his very nature.

Well, since "improvements" in this sense of the self are now of the ground and actually belong to those who made the improvements and learned to use them as features of their own life upon the ground (and use them well in relation to other lines), it would make sound economic sense for the homeowner to surround himself with all such ideal expressions of himself as might seem to him square with his ideal. He could no longer be compelled to pay unjust penalties for so doing. Advantages flow in upon the enlightened and enlightening democratic unit in this stronghold. Well aware of these advantages, the significance of much that he knew but had never realized now comes clear to him. Radical, physical changes in his worldly situation necessarily due to a fundamental realiza-

tion of freedom render obsolete most of his old education: destroy nearly all the so-called "traditions" he has inherited or cherished. He *knew* this already, but now he *realizes* it. Then to what may he hold fast as he finds himself able to go forward to new life on his own ground? Power now his yes—power never dreamed of by him until he thus began to dream as a free man. His power now is perpetually renewed from within himself, and it is power appropriate to his circumstances as an independent human being.

Excessively and expensively, Production with a capital *P* has battered upon him: the homemaker. At exorbitant cost he has painfully acquired such utilitarian conveniences and sanitation as the homemaker may have in this present day of the runaway industrial revolution. But all these and more may now be made into one single unit for him. Convenience, ten for one in point of economy and beauty (they are one) may be his and do for him what he could not ask of mere conveniences before. Sanitation, toilets, and kitchen complete, as all utilities lacking individuality, are delivered to him as his car is delivered. But now delivered in prefabricated units composing the characteristic Usonian abode, great variety of individual choice would increase. Choice would naturally *increase* as the new materials—glass, steel, sheet metal, and the plastics—let his life expand. His vision comes out into surrounding grounds, and he places appropriate gardens all around him. Characteristic vistas of surrounding landscape become part of his life by way of his house just as his house becomes a welcome integral part of the landscape. The machine is used but disciplined now to bring tangible, fruitful benefits to the housemaker by way of this new time-space concept which we have been describing here. And what that may mean to his spirit as well as to his body lies within his reach. Luxury for him would consist in his new sense of a space—a new freedom. However simple his house at first, it will be well designed and planned *with him for him*. It will be of good materials in design, and be well executed. Free to be himself, this Broadacres homemaker will exercise his new sense of space in the ground plan of the place he lives in, as well as in the scheme of things within, that made it and maintains it. The reward and refuge of such life as his would be in the free city would consist largely in this fresh opportunity to have and to hold his own shelter by his own effort and live in it secure in an atmosphere, his own: free to go and come

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conveniently. And whenever, however, he pleases to go, there is always something near by worth going to. This besides all that which now freely comes home to him as his own master!

This new standard of space-measurement—(we have said it is the man seated in his automobile) affects him favorably everywhere he goes. He can go everywhere. But, most of all, the new sense of space affects him where he lives. Vista, new breadths, increased depths not only in the simple reaches of the new building he proudly calls his home but that he soon gets into the very makeup of his faith as a new feature of his philosophy. This inner security (outer as well) defends him against wasteful-effort impositions like "refinancing," leading eventually to "repossession." Or to war. It will be just as hard to scare him out of his home now as scare him out of his senses. The Usonian citizen has found faith. The Usonian citizen on his own acre is no longer the man to be afraid or the man to be afraid of. He has faith. In what? Ask him. Try to scare *him*! He will not "huddle." Nor will he run with the pack!

Because he has learned how extended light, spacious openness, firm cleanliness of significant line and the oneness of the whole is modern and how all may add to his stature as a man among men. He will grow more chary than ever of grandomania, either at home or abroad. Quiet repose makes satisfying appeal to this animated, awakened citizen's imagination wherever beauty is concerned. In the rhythmic qualities of unfolding surface, breadth, depth, and appropriateness of plane to quiet length of line, he is able to trace the flowing simplicity of melodious contours as he sees them in the land itself and learns from them. The grace of native flowers in the meadows or by the roadside, he sees. And the teeming life of the wood. In this new life naturally there will be the refreshing feeling of increasing intimacy with Nature; a grateful sense of freedom of space to be conveniently lived in—a new spaciousness to be understood and deeply enjoyed. He himself "*belongs*"! Even as the fields, hill slopes, or the beautiful ravines and forests themselves belong and the trees and flowers in them, so he belongs! At home, the citizen is lord of a spacious interior. He has integrity. Spacious interior life makes characteristic exteriors and interiors for the man and his house. Freedom is thus intimately become the *new reality* to him: a romantic (but reasonable) human possession. He is thus introvert and extrovert. No longer is his faith placed in arbitrary Roman

law because he goes deeper to the law organic. There is where his faith in himself is founded.

Physical and spiritual significances are his. This oneness of life is a new sense of himself. He is bound to see and find tremendous consequences that must come true not alone for him but for all. Life, love, and the pursuit of happiness is no longer a misleading phrase. No will-o'-the-wisp.

Why, then, should he ever be small or mean? Why should he deny to others what he has learned to value so highly within himself? Out of independence such as is truly his a man emerges who can co-operate. He will co-operate because it is for him to say either "Yes" or "No" as his own conscience dictates.

This romantic interior sense of space in spaciousness is growing throughout the world today. When understood, it is true machine-age luxury. And as this sense of space in spaciousness becomes innate, I believe the citizen will develop a more concrete freedom than a Greek ever knew or even the Goth ever felt in the Middle Ages. Or any freedom to which West or East has aspired. Perhaps greater range of freedom within and from without than any man before or after him ever believed could be achieved unless, perhaps, some adventurer like the ancient Arab or American Indian or some of the peoples of the earth-loving East sensed it once upon a time. In sweep, simplicity (especially in *quality*), architecture never equaled in significance and beauty what may be this awakened citizen's Usonian architecture of the free city that is a nation. And that city is nowhere unless it is everywhere.

Characteristic of this new age of the machine, space comes alive, to be lived in. This is spiritual! Its integration with everyday life is as simple because of universal conservation of space as an inevitable consequence.

Practice of life as organic architecture and of architecture as organic life is sure to react upon every practical homeowner's sense of himself in practicing everything he is or does at home. Modern man cannot fail to grow spiritually in breadth, depth, and health of mind. He not only becomes aware of practical freedom. He *is* freedom! Freedom at home makes freedom for all men doubly dear to the democratic spirit. That spirit is his own spirit. Any man will now demand the freedom for others that he asks for himself because only thus may he demand it as his inalienable *right!* It will not be too difficult for him to see "his" right as no more than

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“their” right. When the meaning of the word “organic” dawns within the man or upon him and about him, he will demand significance in everything he has or he does. His awakened eye will boldly question, and he will openly search the habitual forms everywhere. He will reject forms he once took for granted because he was miseducated to know no better. Whenever, or however he now finds form false, he challenges form. The true Usonian of Broadacres will have truth of form or he will have none! And this goes out from him to his familiars and establishes better economic and social relations with other men and with other nations. It goes out from him to characterize the life of the vast over-all city now become a truly *great* nation: the nation bound to be a blessing—no curse put upon the world by insane private “production” for public waste.

Broadacre citizens would see political science as something organic. And see economics that way too. They would reject a state department and banking as vicious. The Broadacres citizen would regard philosophy as organic. The simplicities of Laotze and of Jesus would dawn afresh for him. No longer in vain. He would practice them to find them concrete, effective *forces* that really do work. At last the citizen sees that the inner forces at work in his life are organic.

The *interior discipline of an ideal* is thus set up in him to go to work. Undreamed-of potentialities begin to show in the work the workman can do as he, his majesty the democratic citizen, becomes, first of all, responsible to *himself*! He is the only *safe* man because he is the man disciplined from within by himself! Here is the great social potential worthy of the greatest of human works. Democracy itself.

This modern freeman will soon walk abroad, nobler man among nobler-minded men, potent in the making of a fairer-minded world, with a better sense proportion: a “sense of humor.”

As world citizen his own power no longer lies in meddling or becoming stupidly mischievous abroad. His power could no longer be vicarious official power at public expense or become more destructive than up-building. His social aspiration would never consist in imitating anything. He would make few gestures. First of all—for him—reality. And only because of well-founded confidence in his own strength is he eager to share in the work of the world, as he may. The world will be invigorated by his happiness and the vitality of his actual practice of the democracy he

preaches. Results of this democracy of his would become ideal for all the world were the world to see this citizen in his own life in his own home with his feet on his own ground. And for once really see a truly free man alive.

Here, then, as a vision—yes, why not—I give you the practical democrat. He is the Usonian citizen of the great free city of this book. He is no longer impotent robot. He is the potent citizen of the natural city taking place among us today as a great nation. And this nation becomes the free nation the whole world needs as example if only to prove that freedom is not several but is ever one and indivisible!

THREE WORDS: ORGANIC, INTEGRATION, DEMOCRACY

The tiller of the fields, owing to universal electrification and mobility, may, as he is, enjoy where he is anything the big city offered the poor wage-slave as reward. White-collarites and industrialists; most of the parasites immured in the big city, now restless, are longing to go where good ground insures full measure of occupation at work they like to do. Their widening margin of leisure which the use of the machine insures is a margin that does not mean unemployment for anyone but means more leisure to spend as the independent workman likes to spend it. The workman-citizen of our nation must learn to see his native birthright as the good ground. Once there on his own, by his own character and voluntary labor he is bound to find security and longevity in "the pursuit of happiness." The only secure basis for his happiness is his experience with and intelligent, properly educated *use* of good ground. Then, why not learn how to go there, now?

Industrial "occupation" grows to mean to him so much more than ever that no official guaranty of "employment" is good enough for a Usonian citizen or fighter. His own initiative and his conscience as a man must be set free: be *protected*, as such, here at home! There is no longer good reason why, as a man of conscience, all that he is or may become should not work in full harmony *with* nature and be secure in the nature of the man himself and therefore for all mankind. His own nature might be so attuned to the nature of the cosmos that his would be a new, more vital, kind of success. Only through organic processes is he or are we ever going to be able to live as a democracy.

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Do you question what direction for this citizen of the future? Then first learn the true meaning of these three words. They are light on his way. Music to his ears.

The word "organic."

The word "integration."

The word "democracy."

Words that have never been properly identified by him because they have not been interpreted to him. Then how could the three words be applied by him to his work or his life in this, or consciously (as I believe), in any other culture, ancient or modern. It is because they were misunderstood or misapplied that civilization after civilization has died.

The true significance of these three words as watchwords (not catchwords) must belong to any citizen. His qualification for a "vote." As understanding opens to him the significance of the law of change, what is insignificant in the old life will fade and fall away as its inner meaning, or the lack of it, now comes clear to him. Inevitably he will soon come face to face with the new reality: *The reality of the building does not consist in the four walls and roof but in the space within to be lived in.*

The practices of vicarious power that were his former success have left the twentieth-century industrialist all but useless. He is beside the mark as an *independent* citizen. Either he is a worker immured in government housing or a conscript. A conscript cast aside. But in the free city his homemaking can mean no such spiritual stagnation nor be any strangulation whatever of his finer instincts. His work, as his home, must be his own better self. Home will have all the meaning and privileges it must have in genuine democracy. Vast new spirit forces can now go to work upon vast material resources in this new direction as never before. Vast material resources will now be worked upon by whatever spiritual forces man has left to him to work with. All may open to the man if he so decides. No man is longer a kept or a "Yes" man if he goes intelligently to his birthright, the ground. He is independently a "No" man there if he so chooses. In Broadacres his feet are on his own ground his own way. Here we now have the broad base of capital where it belongs, *on the ground*. The pyramid base no longer up in the air with no foundation at all because the apex is where the base ought to be.

Only this citizen can put to work the force that can make the machine

ORGANIC, INTEGRATION, DEMOCRACY

no longer a destructive external imposition upon human life, exhausting man's innate powers. The spiritual force of a significant democracy is a way of life wherein a man feels, thinks, and learns to live anew the free life of a *natural aristocracy* and build anew the free house of a free new world. This ideal Usonian citizen could, if he would, use the word "democracy" honestly in describing the great state, as a great integrity to which he and his home truly belonged.

Well . . . here, at last, we have the capitalist fit for genuine democracy. He is his own impregnable defense!

LOOKING BACKWARD

THIS work was not written to please anyone, unless it is myself. The same urge impelling me to build impels me to write. But, with less reason? This book, here greatly expanded, was published in 1929 under the title, *The Disappearing City*.

The matter (subject of direct study beginning 1924) was publicly first presented as "Broadacre City" in a lecture at Princeton. Subsequently that lecture was published with five others by the Princeton University Press. While in Arizona, under my direction, pushed by the national breakdown of 1929, plastic modelings of Broadacre City were made by the Taliesin Fellowship: 1934. These models were first exhibited at the Industrial Arts Exposition, Radio City, April 15, 1935. They are now a proper feature of Taliesin.

Does "The Art and Craft of the Machine," the paper first read at Hull-House, 1903 (since translated into seven different languages), seem to suffer contradiction in these chapters entitled *When Democracy Builds?*

I then dreaded the machine *unless the machine was a circumstance put into the hand of the creative artist*. I said so then. I say so now. I knew that what we call the machine was otherwise malevolent. The creative artist (culture his consideration), I believed, would be in the place where he belongs to accept the machine as a new tool. Well . . . he is not there where he belongs. "The machine" is cutting him back to the root! He must begin at that beginning.

Today, I find it hard to believe that the machine would go into the creative hand even were that magic hand in its true place.

As machine facilities are now, increased, inordinate total production, total mechanization to control foreign markets of the world by total war, is in sight. The machine is more and more the engine of total war. Propa-

ganda for increasing our national institution of wage-slavery is everywhere in the social fabric and the news. Higher human faculties which the machine might serve to release are officially or academically gutted. Fast disappearing. That is why this belated book, advocate of organic architecture, takes the stand for the consumer as against the arrogant producer. The "consumer"—the people—takes what "production" makes and whatever production decides to make is what, and all, the consumer can get. This is antithesis of the democratic process!

Since time immemorial no blacker time for principle has existed than "at present." Of course, our "at-present" is no exception to all "at-presents" in that respect, as history is written.

But if what advertising we see by the "big-production boys" is any indication at all of postwar activities, no lasting benefits of our bomb-throwing extravaganza on foreign soils will ever get over to us here on this side. Then must we—the people—wait for the vitality and depth of a right-minded concept of democracy with its inevitable free city to come to us from "over there"? Must we wait for our big-production boys to cash in and go. Go to spend their hard-gained profits in heaven? Or hell, maybe? Of course, *à la mode*.

It becomes plainer to me every day that not only our professional streamliners—experts (the research men hired by the big-production boys)—see nothing yet of the citizen's first needs first: they have yet seen nothing at all on their own, from the inside.

Our big-production boys are trying so hard to manufacture the same old house that was built creature of the hand, by *negation of that hand*, now dead. And trying, too, to make it the same old way! Now anyone with half a mind can see eventual negation not only of the man who makes the house but of any man who gets the house to live in. Negation of democracy itself is—and therefore—inevitable. Education seems to know even worse.

Probably our big-city survivals (yes, feudal thinking) will escape destruction from overhead only to find their originals (European cities devastated by us) replanned and built more nearly as a modern city should be. Having had no benefit from the devastating bomb except to make the bomb, market it, or drop it over on the other side, we are likely "as things

WHEN DEMOCRACY BUILDS

are," to find ourselves so far outmoded by any standard of comparison that when the smoke of destruction clears away in the light of reconstruction, that V for Victory may look more like V for Vanquished?

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Finally, this long discourse so hard to read is simply a sincere attempt to take apart and show (from the inside) such radical simplicities as our own machine skills have now laid open to us: show the radical eliminations essential to our spiritual health in this culture of a democratic civilization. They must be made by us soon if we are to have indigenous culture at all and we are not to remain the bastardized imitation of one, going all the way down the backstairs to an untimely end.

Since no comparatively wholesale wholesome destruction compels an open change for improvement, our own young architects are challenged. They can be equal (I think so) to the tremendous task by seizing upon obsolescence to destroy the rubbish heaps here at home, learning now to let the inevitable natural city go on building itself. The right kind of buildings, built the right way in the right place for the right people—this, and the right kind of city will build itself. I see the studied avoidance of interference by meddlers as the new "planning" which we need.

"When Democracy Builds," nothing less than that restraint is good planning.

So I suppose this small book is for the farmer, the small manufacturer, national colleges of agriculture, or such cultural nurseries of this nation as we have left. Because this book is all for the man of the great "in-between," the new reality: the Usonian citizen.

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Night is but a shadow cast by the sun.

The ever moving infinite that divides yesterday from tomorrow is still the present.

F. LL. W.

"TALIESIN"

September 1945